

MAINE FARMER AND MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

WILLIAM NOYES,
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the Eastern Farmer.

Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest accepta-
tion of the word.—Tallegland



MAINE FARMER.

Preserving Seeds.

Every farmer should preserve good seeds for use
next year. In saving seeds we have found two
things essential—1st, they should be from good
stock. The remark that "like produces like," is
founded in fact, and should be attended to in the
propagation of plants as well as animals. 2d. They
should be perfectly ripe when gathered. The seed
for a time is the only nourishment for the young
plant. Hence it is important that all of the
material which is used for sustenance to the tender
germ should be of the best quality, which cannot
be the case if the seed is not suffered to mature all
its parts perfectly. We once saw a field of wheat
in the spring, part of which was four or five inches
high, green, thrifty and vigorous—the other part
was about half as high and looked feeble. All
grew on the same kind of soil, which was manured
alike, ploughed in the same day—the seed all sown
in the same day, and harrowed in at the same time.
No worms or any thing else of the insect kind
appeared to trouble either piece. The owner said
that he sowed the same kind of wheat, but that on
the most thrifty part was from seed perfectly ripe
and good, while the other had not fully ripened
when cut. Seeds, when gathered and cleaned,
should be kept dry, and labeled with the name and
date of the year when gathered, so that there can
be no mistake in regard to their kind or age.

Drones.

From time immemorial a part of the bees in a
hive have been stigmatised as perfectly useless
insects—and the very name "drone" has become
one of reproach to whatever or whoever it is ap-
plied. Butler, a writer who pretended to know all
about bees, bears down on the drones in the follow-
ing style—"The drone is a gross stingless bee,
that spendeth his time in gluttony and idleness.
For howsoever he brave it with his round velvet
cap, his side gown, his full paunch, and his loud
voice, yet is he but an idle companion, living by the
sweet of others' brows. He worketh not at all,
either at home or abroad, and yet spendeth as much
as two laborers; you shall never find his maw with-
out a good drop of the purest nectar. In the heat
of the day he flieeth abroad, aloft and about, and
that with no small noise, as though he would do
some great act; but it is only for pleasure, and to
get him a stomach, and then returns he presently
to his cheer."

Now we have no doubt this is a gross slander.
upon as useful and meritorious a class as there is
in the hive. The fact is, Butler was totally igno-
rant of the character and use of the drone, and so
he covers his ignorance by abusing him, as the man-
ner of many is at the present day. We do not pre-
tend to know his real province or duty in the hive
nor do we believe half what has been written respec-
ting bees; but we do not believe the Almighty
made them for no useful purpose whatever. If he
did, it is an exception to his wonderful works as far
as they are known. We have no doubt, if he were
struck out of existence, and no corresponding change
made in the habits of bees, that the whole race or
species would become extinct.

That they are killed or die off if the fall is no
proof that they are useless. The moth of the silk
worm, after laying her eggs, dies, and so of thou-
sands of other insects, and why should not the laws
of nature hold good in regard to bees?

THE WEATHER. August has for the most part
been wet and warm in this vicinity. The wet
weather has injured the wheat crop somewhat, but
it has pushed the fall feed along wonderfully, and
helped the potatoes and Indian corn very essentially.
Should Jack Frost keep himself aloof a reason-
able time we shall have a good crop of corn yet, and
the materials for hasty puddings be as plenty as a
yankee could wish.

Iron.

We understand there is a company erecting a
furnace for smelting iron, on Pleasant River, in
Piscataquis county, and that there is an abundance
of first rate ore close by it. How is it, Bro. Eldes?
Give us the particulars.

We do not see why more attention has not been
paid to the iron ores of our own State. The several
explorations made prove that we have an abundance
of ore, and yet we are dependent upon other States
for most of the pig iron used among us. It other
people can make it profitable to smelt iron, what
can hinder us in Maine from doing the same? We
are sorry that the commissioners who made the
treaty with Queen Victoria's ambassador, did not

insist upon and obtain the right of running pig iron
and other mineral matters down the St. John duty
free. In that case the vast beds of iron ore which
are said to extend from the Aroostook to Houlton,
might be readily sent to market, and the business
thus made one of profit. It is of no use to be
cooped up as we are by the British. We ought to
have had a free pass down that river, as long as
they had a free pass up the Madawaska. And then
the iron and the lime and other mineral matters
which are or may hereafter be found in that region,
would find an easy passage to market.

Glass.

A population of over half a million, and those
increasing rapidly every year, must necessarily use
a great deal of glass in one shape or another, and for
every particle that we use are dependent on our
sister States. It comes to us from New Hampshire,
and Massachusetts, and New York, and Pennsylvania,
and we don't know from how many other States.
And yet we have better material, and better
facilities for making it in our State than can be
found in all the rest. We were in hopes that a
glass manufactory would have been in successful
operation long before this, but from some cause or
other—either from lack of funds, or faith, or some
other incus, there is nothing done towards start-
ing one. It might not be so good business to some
individuals as shaving notes from twelve to twenty-
five per cent—but would undoubtedly yield an
average profit, and be of great public benefit. Who'll
begin the business? It need not be commenced
on a large scale. A small establishment that can be
seen through at a glance of the eye, will be more
profitable than one of your overgrown establish-
ments, that requires a dozen agents to watch it, and
a dozen more to watch them.

Potatoes.

MR. HOLMES.—It has been said that the potato
is the King of American roots. Much indeed has
been said and written upon the subject of root
culture. Now let the farmer employ all his energy,
his skill and his manure, aided by all the advan-
tages which science can afford, and let us show to
mankind that the soil of Maine is capable of yield-
ing an immensity of potatoes. A proper rotation
of crops must not be coughed down or winked out
of sight. Indeed grass crops may be regarded as
of immense value, and especially if a proper system
is pursued, having reference to the improvement of
the soil. Hay must be our main *sheet anchor* as
winter food for cattle, sheep and horses; but the
farmer who raises his cellar full of potatoes, that he
may have a guinea quantity to spare for his stock
in the winter, and also in the spring, is certainly
upon the right track. Cattle will thrive upon the
poorest hay, or upon straw, if supplied with a
liberal quantity of potatoes. Has any farmer
proved satisfactorily how profitable are boiled
potatoes for milch cows in the spring before the
grass in pastures has become sufficient for their
support? The labor of cooking potatoes is very
light if the farmer have every thing well contrived
and every suitable preparation. A good pile of
wood, split fine and of the right length, in the
wood house, ready at hand. Potatoes must form a very
large item in the food of swine. Some farmers
turn out swine to pasture during summer, but I
think that it is better policy to shut them up. Let
us have a pen and a yard rightly contrived, and a
constant supply of materials to manufacture into
manure. What shall we say of raising potatoes
enough so that the farmer may carry forward the
business of fattening his hogs during the summer?
Hogs supplied with warm boiled potatoes through-
out the summer and well attended, will become rather
bulky by the following winter. Potatoes kept
through the summer should be spread upon a floor,
and in a place where the sun will not shine upon
them, and the sprouts, if large, should be broken off.
If 1000 bushels of potatoes have been raised upon
a single acre of land in Vermont, and 600
bushels very frequently in good old Massachusetts,
what can be done in the State of Maine? Let us
not be behind the spirit of the age.

J. E. ROLFE.

Rumford, August, 1843.

MEAS. EDITORS.—Please inform us through the
Farmer what would be the expense of building a
gubble or scum mill, to go by water, which would
save much time, and abuse of one another of our
race, to be built so as to do up the work nobly for
both sides.

SCANDAL VILLAGE.

August 7th, 1843.

NOTE. It would put too many out of business.

[Ed.]

Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth, U. S. Commissioner
of Patents, is the owner of a large tract of Land
in Indiana, and advertises farms for sale, without
the payment of cash. Emigrants from Europe will
find this a good opportunity for procuring farms in
a healthy country, as Mr. Ellsworth says that tim-
ber will be furnished for fencing the land, and bit-
uminous coal given for fuel for ten years at least.
One half the crops of the land for two or three
years will be taken in full payment for the land,
when a good title will be given. The land is ready
for the plough, and the smoothness of the surface
admits all the labor saving machinery in sowing
and gathering—only man and a boy, with a team,
break up two acres per day, and if corn is dropped
in the furrow, a "sod crop" of 25 to 40 bushels is
obtained without the least cultivation. The ordi-
nary yield is 20 to 30 bushels of wheat, and 45 to
75 bushels of corn per acre. 2000 rails, with the
help of a ditch, will make one mile of fence, and
two teams will make a ditch the same distance (by
new machinery) per day. If twigs of cotton wood
and sycamore are inserted in the spring in the ditch
every 10 feet, durable posts are obtained, besides a
fine shade and much wood.

Mr. Ellsworth also advertises five thousand acres
of timber land for sale for half the crops as above,
or if preferred, the black salts made from the ashes
saved in burning the timber—kettles too for boiling
will be furnished on satisfactory terms.

The notice of Mr. Ellsworth presents a graphic
picture of the extent and capabilities of our coun-
try and particularly of the great west. It shows

how easily a man may, if blessed with health, and
having a mind to work, with comparatively a small
capital, make himself an independent tiller of his
own soil. Indeed, in our own State, similar advan-
tages may be found, and the young man, with in-
dependent and industrious habits, may, in short time,
establish himself as an independent farmer, instead
of, as many do, wearing out a life of anxiety and
trial, subject to a thousand temptations and mortify-
ing incidents, and without any regular employment,
in our towns and cities. Fashion, fashion, alas!
keeps thousands from becoming useful citizens, the
pillars of the State, and ornaments of the age, by
making them semi-idlers in the bosom of society.
We ardently pray that a better public sentiment
may yet prevail.—[Bangor Courier.]

The Butter Trade.

Letter to the Merchants and Farmers of Canada.
It will be admitted, that in these hard times, it is
peculiarly necessary to turn attention to every
article which can be produced with advantage in
the country, not only as a means of paying debts,
but of purchasing such goods as the population
requires; and it is really painful to see the produc-
tive resources of Canada wasted, by the careless
manner of curing, packing, and sending to market,
which has characterised several of our staple pro-
ductions. This is peculiarly the case with respect
to butter, which, whilst it is the most generally
produced article of commerce in the country, and
most capable of indefinite extension, has been per-
fectly neglected to than any other. This was
partly owing to the exorbitant duty of 20s. per
cwt. which the mother country formerly exacted upon
colonial as well as foreign butter, but which is now
modified to 5s. stg. per cwt. or rather more than
1-2d per lb on colonial butter, whilst it still remains
as before on foreign. Under these circumstances,
and with a market of indefinite extent before us,
we should endeavor to put up an article to suit the
taste of our customers, and which, if so put up,
they will pay well for. At present, the best Irish
and Dutch butter commands 100s. per cwt. in the
English market, whilst Canada butter is generally
considered not worth more than 50s.—yet we may be
assured that we can, if we choose, produce but-
ter of as high a character as any in the world; and
instead of the price in the Montreal market being
4d. to 5d., as at present, it would, if we took pains
to produce an article worth 100s. in Britain, doubt-
less bring from 9d. to 10d.

There are probably 300,000 milch cows in Can-
ada, one third of which may be required to supply
the farmers themselves with milk, butter, cheese,
&c., leaving the produce of 200,000 to sell. If
these were all good breeds, and well managed,
their produce would be very large; but even as it
is, they should give an average of at least 60 lbs.
of butter a year. Thus, the farmers should have
equal to 200,000 kegs of butter, of 60 lbs. each,
to dispose of annually, which if properly put up,
should yield an annual revenue of more than a
million and a half of dollars—no mean item for the
farmers of Canada. It is not to be supposed of
course, that they would dispose of their entire sur-
plus dairy produce in the form of butter, but if they
sold it in other forms in preference, they should be
at least equally profitable. Now, though only one
half of the above quantity could be spared from the
consumption of our own non-producing population
for export, there would still be 100,000 kegs, worth
nearly £200,000, to export annually, constituting a
very handsome item in our export list, which as
things are now managed, is a mere trifle, not worth
taking into account. The butter is produced now,
and the only question is, whether it shall be put up
in a way to bring a fair price, or wasted and spoiled
so as to yield little or nothing.

The conditions requisite for the production of
good butter, may be arranged under three heads—
1st, the kind of cows to be kept, and the treat-
ment they should receive; 2d, the whole process of
making butter, and 3d, the mode of packing and
sending to market.

1. Respecting the best breeds of cattle for the
dairy, much has been already published, especially
I may refer to a Prize Essay entitled "The Cow,"
which appeared two years ago in the *Advocate*, and
which may be had in a separate form. I may state,
however, that the Ayrshire, Devon, and Durham are
excellent breeds.

With regard to feeding and treatment, the same
Essay gives much valuable information, and I shall
only briefly state, that without abundance of nutri-
tious food, it is vain to look for abundance of rich
milk. "For pasture," I quote from a high authority,
"clean turf which is mostly composed of white
clover, and has been laid down for a number of
years, will be found sweeter and better than any
other; and of roots, carrots will make the best
colored and flavored butter—no cow, however, kept
entirely on roots, will produce as good milk and
butter as if fed partly on roots and partly on green
grass or hay." Milch cows should be carefully
kept from such herbs as impart an offensive taste
or smell to butter.

2. The milk should be kept in a cool place, in
broad and rather shallow earthenware, tin, or zinc
pans, and the cream taken off before the milk soured,
otherwise it is almost impossible to separate the
curdled milk from it, and the mixture of such milk
is one of the most common and serious drawbacks
to butter, and causes much of what is made in
Canada to become rancid. The cream should then
be kept at a moderate temperature, and should not
exceed 51 to 55 degrees of Fahrenheit when churn-
ing begins. This in our summer would be quite
cool, so that farmers generally must just in the
summer season keep the milk and cream as cool as
they can, and for this purpose they should if pos-
sible, have a milk house in their cellar, flagged all
round with stones, and kept moist with water, the
evaporation of which cools the temperature wonder-
fully. The door of this cellar should open to a
side of the house where no manure is kept, and
nothing putrid or in any way tainted, should on any
account be permitted within, otherwise the butter
will be materially injured. It will be found highly
beneficial to put a little salt water into the pans
with the milk in summer, and hot water in winter.
Some churn the whole milk after souring, and this
is the way to produce the greatest quantity of but-
ter, but it is the most laborious.

Butter should be carefully gathered from the
churn, with the hand, and the milk squeezed out; it
should then be well washed in cold hard spring
water, without retaining long in it, and be worked
until thoroughly freed from the particles of milk
and water; it should then be salted as follows—
Mix one pound of fine Liverpool salt, perfectly
clean, and four ounces of finely powdered loaf
sugar, and work in an ounce of this mixture to a
pound of butter, until thoroughly incorporated.
Butter made in this way will prove delicious. There
is another excellent plan practised in Ireland, which
might be tried with advantage in this country, if
ground rock salt could be obtained, viz: one ounce
blue rock salt, and one fifth of an ounce of saltpetre
to twenty-eight ounces of butter. Common Ameri-
can salt has substances in it which injure butter.
If hard spring water is not procurable, butter should
be made without washing, as soft water dissipates
some of its finest properties. Perfect cleanliness
in the dishes, churn, hands, and every thing that

comes in contact with butter, is essentially re-
quisite.

3. Butter packed in stone jars or crocks will
keep best, and that for family use, or for sale in the
neighborhood, might be so packed. That which is
to be sent to a distance should be packed in casks
made as follows—white oak or ash staves should
be boiled three or four hours, and when thoroughly
dried made into air tight kegs to contain from 60 to
100 lbs. The kegs should, in addition to a full
complement of wooden hoops, have an iron hoop at
each end, if filled with boiling water before being
used; and all casks, before being filled with butter,
should be thoroughly soaked in cold hard water, or
what is perhaps better, in clear strong pickle. The
tare should then be taken when wet, and the butter
packed in as solid and hard as possible; all the
butter in a cask should be of only one color and
quality, as differences in either respect materially
injure the sale. If not filled at a single operation,
the butter should be covered with a clear strong
brine, to be poured off when an addition is made.
There should be a small space left between the
butter and the head of the cask, which should be
filled with strong clear brine, introduced through a
hole in the head, stopped with a peg, which may be
taken out occasionally for a few days, and if any
shrinking appears, more brine be added. Country
merchants, who usually receive butter from farmers,
in quantities of a few pounds at a time, might have
a puncheon, standing in a cool place, full of brine,
and if possible with a lump of ice in it, and throw
the rolls of butter into it, until they have sufficient
to pack.

When packed the kegs should be kept in a cool
cellar, until the month of September before being
sent to market, the heat to which butter is exposed
when forwarded in summer being exceedingly inju-
rious.

Butter made, packed and forwarded according to
the above directions, which I have collected from
various excellent authorities, would, I doubt not,
please the British taste, and, when its character was
established, be worth at least a half more than the
average of butter as it is now made.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,
JOHN DOUGALL,
Produce and Commission Merchant.

Montreal, July 1, 1843.

The principal cause of failure to make good but-
ter, that may be kept for a long time, is the neglect
to separate the buttermilk entirely from the butter.
Some dairy women are afraid to let any cold
water touch the butter for fear of washing out the
goodness—as if water and butter could commingle.
We object to touching the butter by the hand, some
particles will melt and these injure the whole. A
little wooden paddle is best.

When the butter is gathered in the churn, that is,
when it separates from the buttermilk and forms
lumps, the buttermilk should all be drawn off and
cold water should be added; then the whole must
be agitated or churned, and this water must be
drawn off, and so on till the water ceases to look
white.

This serves to harden the butter and to work out
the buttermilk. If any liquid is finally left in the
butter, this liquid will be nearly all water, and you
have salt water or brine in your butter rather than
buttermilk, which becomes tainted in three or four
days of hot weather. Pure brine will not taint the
butter, but buttermilk will.

There is no good reason to be offered why butter
cannot be kept as long as tallow or lard. We keep
these articles the year round without a particle of
salt. The reason is we work out all the impure
matter by means of heat which we use in trying
out the fat and the tallow. There are instances
where butter has been kept for a year or more
without any salt. Can we not learn how to cleanse
our butter so as to obtain double price for it?
[Massachusetts Ploughman.]

Comparative value of Fodder.

THAYER has given some estimates of the compar-
ative amount of nutritious matter in different sub-
stances used for feeding cattle which may be a sta-
bly introduced here: He says that according to ex-
periments, it has been found that 100 parts of good
hay, contain 50 parts which may be reckoned as
equally adapted for nutriment. "Of 100 parts of po-
tatoes reduced to the same degree of dryness as the
hay, there are dry 30 parts of which 25 are nutri-
tious; therefore 94 lbs. of potatoes are equal in
nutriment to 47 lbs. of hay. Beets have 8 per
cent. of harder digestible fibre; their nutritious
power may therefore be set down at 10 per cent.—
Ruta contains 12 per cent. nutritious matter,
and 3 per cent. of more difficult fibre. The same is
the case with turnips."

VERE, Vol. I. p. 260, has also some tables show-
ing the equivalents of many plants, &c., to hay, by
which it appears from many experiments that the
following ratio exists:

Name of materials of fodder.

100 lbs. of hay are equal to—

I. Mealy Grain Fruits.

1. Good kernels—

a. Of the usual grain fruits—

Wheat,	30
Speltz,	45
Rye,	45
Barley,	44
Oats,	36
Maize or Indian corn,	36
Millet,	36

b. Of the leguminous fruits.

Pease,	50
Vetches or tares,	30
Lentiles,	40
Beans,	50
Buckwheat,	50
2. After-grains.	
Wheat,	50
Rye,	64
Barley,	64
Oats,	70
Leguminous fruits,	50

100 lbs. of hay are equal to—

II. Root, Knub, and Cabbage Plants.

Potatoes,	200
Artichokes,	230
Red Beets,	200
Swedish turnips or cabbage turnips,	300
Carrots,	270
White turnips,	400
Cabbage,	600
Stalks of root and knob plants in a green state,	500

III. Fodder-Plants and Grasses.

Luzerne, sainfoin, red clover, and all kinds of clover, with various species of grain and le- guminous plants used green for fodder,	90
Good meadow-hay,	100
Mow-hay, and other poor kinds of hay,	150
Grasses and herbaceous cabbage plants in a green state,	450

100 lbs. of hay are equal to—

IV. Straw with Chaff, of—

Winter wheat,	300
" speltz,	
" rye,	
" barley,	
Summer wheat,	230
" speltz,	
" rye,	
" barley,	
Oats,	200
Maize, or Indian corn,	275
Millet,	300
Peas,	190
Lentiles,	160
Vetches, or tares,	150
Beans,	400
Buckwheat	300
Seed clover,	150
Rape,	150
Mustard,	400
Gold of pleasure,	
Poppy,	
Sunflower,	500

100 lbs. of hay are equal to—

Chaff and husks, without straw, of—	150
Wheat,	170
Rye, speltz, and barley,	150
Oats,	200
Rape,	230
Gold of pleasure and mustard,	100
Seed clover,	130
Flax seed,	150
Leguminous plants, as peas, vetches & lentiles,	150

V. Refuse in business.

After meal,	50
Wheat bran,	75
Rye,	60
Oil-cake, from poppy, flax, rape seed,	60
Stippings of barley in preparation of malt,	60
Malt-shoots of barley,	900 mms.
Barley beer refuse,	= 121 1/2 gall.
Sour milk,	200 lbs.
Whey,	350

From the forest,

Acorns, chestnuts, beech nuts,

A. K. BLOCK, who is referred to by SCHWETZ as a
very distinguished writer, gives the following
table of equivalents:—

600 lbs. wheat straw,	
" rye "	
" oat "	
500 " barley "	
500 " seed clover straw.	
500 " rye or barley chaff.	
500 " pea straw.	
450 " wheat, pea or barley chaff, or vetch straw.	
325 " clover, 2d mowing: usual meadow hay.	
300 " clover hay in blossom. [3d mowing]	
250 " best meadow hay.	
350 " best clover hay, before blossom.	
112 " oat grain.	
100 " barley "	
100 " rye "	
89 " yellow peas.	
80 " wheat grain.	

Consequently, 2 lbs. of grain straw is worth as
much as 1 lb. of usual meadow hay, or 1 lb. of clo-
ver hay, moved in the blossom, &c.

We find the following table of equivalents, in
some English papers, which is inserted by way of
comparison:—

100 lbs. of good hay =	90 clover hay, made when " " " before " " " it blossoms
" " " "	" 95 clover, 2d crop.
" " " "	" 95 luzerne hay.
" " " "	" 89 sainfoin "
" " " "	" 91 tares "
" " " "	" 146 clover.
" " " "	" 419 green clover.
" " " "	" 467 vetches or tares, green.
" " " "	" 275 green Indian corn.
" " " "	" 541 cow-cabbage leaves.
" " " "	" 374 speltz wheat straw.
" " " "	" 442 rye straw.
" " " "	" 164 oat straw.
" " " "	" 153 pea stalks.
" " " "	" 150 vetch "
" " " "	" 501 raw potatoes.
" " " "	" 175 boiled "
" " " "	" 339 mangold wurzel.
" " " "	" 405 turnips.
" " " "	" 276 carrots.
" " " "	" 308 swedish turnips.
" " " "	" 305 " leaves on.
" " " "	" 54 rye.
" " " "	" 46 wheat.
" " " "	" 50 oats.
" " " "	" 50 vetches.
" " " "	" 45 peas.
" " " "	" 45 beans.
" " " "	" 64 buckwheat.
" " " "	" 57 Indian corn.
" " " "	" 85 acorns.
" " " "	" 50 horse chestnuts.
" " " "	" 62 sunflower seed.
" " " "	" 69 linseed cake.
" " " "	" 105 wheat bran.
" " " "	" 109 rye bran.
" " " "	" 107 wheat, pea and oat chaff.
" " " "	" 170 rye and barley "

16 lbs. of raw, or 14 lbs. of boiled potatoes, will
allow a diminution of 8 lbs. of hay.

An ox requires 2 per cent. of his live-weight, in
hay, per day; if he works, 2 1/2 per cent. A milch
cow, 3 per cent. A fattening ox, 5 per cent. at first;
4 per cent. when half fat; and 4 when fat, or 1 1/2
average. Sheep, when grown, 3 1/2 per cent. of
their weight in hay, per day.

Apples.

In answer to the inquiries of our correspondent,
Mr. Davis, of Acton, whether it is best to cultivate
a greater variety of fruit than was supererfluous in
the Cultivator of April

let me say to our farmers; if you have had an itching desire to pull up stakes, and look to the "far West," give it up at once, and be content to dig in our New England soil, which will pay as well for good cultivation as any soil in Christendom. We have spare acres, and worn out acres enough to re-claim, to last us and our children and future generations for a thousand years to come. This being the case, let us be content with our lot, which will be short, at the longest, in this world.—[Boston Cultivator.]

Things Worth Knowing.

From Miss Leslie's Magazine.

Ringworms.—There is no better remedy for ring-worm than mercurial ointment rubbed on at night and not washed off till morning. It causes no pain, and a few applications will effect a cure.

To allay pain in the feet when caused by fatigue.—If your feet become painful from walking or standing, put them, as soon as you can, into warm salt and water, mixed in the proportion of two large handfuls of salt to a gallon of water. Sea water made warm will do very well, if you can conveniently procure it. Keep your feet in the salt water till it begins to feel cool. Then wipe them dry, and rub them hard and long with a coarse thick towel, or a hair mitten. Where the feet are tender and easily fatigued, it is an excellent practice to go through this process regularly every night, or every morning, or both; also employing it without fail always on coming home from a walk. With perseverance it has cured neuralgia in the feet, and likewise rheumatism.

After taking your hands out of the salt and water, to prevent any roughness that may ensue, wash them immediately with fine soap; or, what is still better, with almond cream, first dipping them in fresh cold water, and then rubbing on, till it forms a lather, a very little of the above composition. Almond cream is manufactured in great perfection by Eugene Russell, Chesnut street, Philadelphia. It is a very pleasant and useful article for the toilette, and should be kept carefully covered. In winter it is an excellent preventive of chapped hands.

For a chafed upper-lip and soreness of the nostrils, such as generally accompanies a cold in the head, nothing is better than the homely remedy of greasing the excoriation at night on going to bed with a bit of mutton tallow (that of a candle will do), held to the fire to soften. It is well to keep always in the house for this purpose, some nice tallow, prepared by boiling and skimming a sufficient quantity of fresh mutton-fat, and then pouring it warm into gallicups, which should be closely covered as soon as the liquid has congealed.

Mustard plasters.—Mustard plasters are frequently very efficacious in rheumatic or other pains. It is best to make them entirely of mustard and vinegar, without any mixture of flour. They should be spread between two pieces of thin muslin, and bound on the part affected. It is not well to allow them to stay on more than twenty minutes at the utmost, it got being advisable that they should blister the skin. When a mustard plaster is taken off, wash the part tenderly with a soft sponge and warm water. If the irritation continues troublesome, apply poultices of grated bread crumbs, well wetted with lead-water, renewing them frequently.

A mustard plaster behind the ear will often remove a tooth-ache, ear-ache, or a rheumatic pain in the head. Applied to the wrists they are very beneficial in checking an ague fit, if put on as soon as the first symptoms of chill evince themselves.

To extract durable ink.—Rub the ink-stain with a little salt-ammonia moistened with water.

To keep shad fresh till next day.—Shad that is brought from market one day to be eaten at breakfast or dinner the next, may be kept perfectly well without cooking, as it is called; and when broiled, will look and taste as if fresh from the water. As soon as it is brought home, clean the fish, cut off the head and tail, split it down the back, and spreading out the two halves on a large dish, cover them with a mixture consisting of a large table-spoonful of brown sugar, a tea-spoonful of cayenne pepper, and a tea-spoonful of salt. Let it lie till next day: then wipe the mixture entirely off with a clean cloth; broil the shad well, spread a little butter on it, and send it to table hot. There you can season it to your taste with condiments from the canister. In the April number we gave this method of preparing fresh shad, but omitted saying that the above mixture of sugar, &c., would preserve it perfectly well for at least twenty-four hours; keeping it of course well covered, and in a cool dry place. We earnestly recommend it to our readers as being far superior to the common method of cooking or salting. The sugar is all-important.

Boston Cream Cakes.—From a quart of rich milk take a pint, and put it into a small saucepan with a split vanilla bean, and a stick of the best Ceylon cinnamon broken in pieces. Cover the saucepan closely, and let it boil till the milk is highly flavoured with the vanilla and cinnamon. Then strain it; take out the vanilla bean, wipe it dry, and put it away, as it will do for another time. Mix the flavoured milk with the other pint and a half, and let it get quite cold. Beat very light the yolks of twelve eggs, and stir them into the milk alternately with a quarter of a pound of powdered white sugar. Then put the custard mixture into a tinpan, set it in a Dutch oven, or something of the sort: pour some water round it about half way up the side of the pan, and bake it not more than ten minutes. Instead of vanilla, you may flavour the custard by boiling in the half pint of milk with the cinnamon, a handful of bitter almonds or peach kernels, blanched and broken in half.

In the mean time, let another mixture be prepared as follows. Sift half a pound of fine flour. Cut up half a pound of fresh butter in a pint of rich milk, and set it on the stove or near the fire till the butter begins to melt. Then stir it well, and take it off. Beat eight whole eggs till very light, and stir them gradually into the milk and butter in turn with the flour. Take care to have this batter very smooth and quite free from lumps. Having beaten and stirred it thoroughly, put it in equal portions into deep patty-pans with plain unscalloped sides, filling them but a little more than half, so as to allow space for the cakes to rise in baking. The patty-pans must be previously buttered. When the mixture is in, sprinkle powdered loaf sugar over the top of each. Set them immediately

into a brick oven, and bake them about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. They must be well browned. When done, take them out, and open in the sides of each (while quite hot) a slit or cut large enough for the admission of a portion of the custard which has been made for them. Put in carefully with a spoon as much custard as will amply fill the cavity or hollow in the middle of each cake. Then close the slit nicely by pinching and smoothing it with your thumb and finger, and set the cakes to cool. They should be eaten fresh. In summer they will not keep till next day, unless set on ice. If properly made, they will be found excellent.

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious, never, as a class, indolent. * * * The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the astonishing secrets of the physical properties and mechanical powers disclosed to the well informed mind present attractions, which unless the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasures.—Everett.

Philosophy in Sport.

(Continued.)
CHAPTER XIII.

"Your explanation," cried Louisa, "is so clear and intelligible, that I feel quite confident I could now explain any machine that owes its action to the exhaustion of the air, and the pressure of the atmosphere."

"If that be your belief," said Mr. Seymour, "I will not lose a moment in putting your knowledge to the test.—Tom, do you run into the house, and fetch hither the kitchen bellows."

The bellows were produced, and Louisa, having been desired by her father to explain the manner in which they received and expelled the air, proceeded as follows: "Upon raising the upper from the under board, the interior space of the bellows is necessarily increased, and immediately supplied with an additional quantity of air, which is driven into it by the pressure of the atmosphere; when by pressing down the upper board, it is again expelled through the iron tube or nose."

"To be sure," said Tom, "in the same manner that the water was expelled from my squirt, when I pushed down the handle."

"So far you are quite correct," said Mr. Seymour; "but you have not yet told us the use of the hole in the under board, and which is covered as you perceive, with a moveable flap of leather: it is termed a valve or 'wind-clap.'"

"That," replied Tom, "is for the purpose of admitting the air, when we raise up the board."

"Exactly so; and also to prevent the air from passing out again, when you press it down. I wish to direct your attention particularly to this contrivance, because, simple as it may appear, its action will teach you the general nature of a valve. Without it, the operation of filling the bellows with air would have been so tedious as to have destroyed the utility of the instrument; for the air could, in that case, have only found admission through the nose, and that, again, would have been attended with the additional disadvantage of drawing smoke and other matter into its cavity; when, however, you raise up the board, the air by its external pressure, opens the wind-clap inwards, and thus finds an easy entrance for itself; and when you press the board downwards, the air, thus condensed, completely shuts the valve, and its return through that avenue being prevented, it rushes through the tube."

The children were much pleased with the simplicity of this invention, and Tom inquired of the vicar who first thought of it.

"We are informed by Sirabo," replied Mr. Twaddleton, "that Anacharsis, the Scythian philosopher, who lived in the time of Solon, about six hundred years before Christ, invented the bellows, as well as the anchor, and potter's wheel; but," he added, "there is some reason to doubt the truth of this statement.—The bellows, however, were certainly known to the Greeks; and the great poet Virgil alludes to them in his fourth Georgic:—

"Alit turinis follibus auras

"Accipit redduntque."

Mr. Seymour now proposed that they should now proceed to consider the structure and operation of the pump.

"I suppose," said Louisa, "that the pump raises water in the same manner as the squirt."

"Exactly upon the same principle," replied her father; "but the machinery is a little more complicated, since its object is not to force the water out of the pump, at the same end of the pipe at which we draw it in. We will, however, proceed to the stable-yard, and examine the pump; and do you, Tom, provide a piece of chalk, in order that I may make a sketch of some of its principal parts."

The party immediately proceeded; and, as they walked along, Mr. Seymour desired the children to remember that the weight of the atmosphere was estimated as being equal to that of fifteen pounds upon every square inch of surface; and that the moment the water arrived at such a height as to balance that pressure, it could ascend no higher: he added, that the altitude at which such a balance took place was about 32 or 33 feet above the surface."

"If that be the case," said Louisa, "the pump, of course, can never raise water from any well of greater depth than that which you state."

"Not without some additional contrivance,"

which I shall afterwards explain to you," replied Mr. Seymour.

The party had, by this time, arrived at the pump; its door was opened, and as much of the apparatus exhibited as could be conveniently exposed. Mr. Seymour then chalked the annexed sketch upon the stable-door.

"Is that a pump?" cried Tom: "I should certainly never have guessed what you intended to represent."

"It is not a perspective drawing, my dear, but a representation of the different parts as they would appear, were it possible to cut the pump in halves, from top to bottom, without disturbing any of its arrangements. A drawing of this kind, which is frequently used for the sake of explanation, is termed a section."

Mr. Seymour here took an apple from his pocket, and having cut it in two, observed that the surfaces thus exposed presented sections of the fruit. This illustration was understood by all present, and Mr. Seymour continued, "I have here, then, a section of the common household pump. A is the cylinder or barrel; B the air-tight piston which moves, or works within it, by means of the rod; C is the 'suction,' or 'feeding pipe,' descending into a well, or any other reservoir; D the valve, or little door, at the bottom of the barrel, covering the top of the feeding pipe; and there is a similar valve in the piston; both of which, opening upwards, admit the water to rise through them, but prevent its returning. As this part of the apparatus is no less ingenious than it is important, I will sketch the valve, or 'clack,' as it is termed by the engineer, on a larger scale."

Their father then chalked the annexed figure, from which its construction was rendered perfectly intelligible to the children.



Mr. Seymour proceeded: "When the pump is in a state of inaction, the two valves are closed by their own weight; but, on drawing up the piston B, from the bottom to the top of the barrel, the column of air, which rested upon it, is raised, and a vacuum is produced between the piston and the lower valve; S, the air beneath this valve, which is immediately over the surface of the water, consequently expands, and forces its way through it; the water then ascends into the pump. A few strokes of the handle totally excludes the air from the body of the pump, and fills it with water; which, having passed through both valves, runs out at the spout."

"I understand how water may be thus raised to the elevation of 32 feet, but I have yet to learn the manner in which it can raise it above that distance," said Louisa.

"It is undoubtedly true, that, if the distance, from the surface of the water to the valve in the piston, exceed 32 feet, water can never be forced into the barrel; but you will readily perceive that, when once the water has passed the piston valve, it is no longer the pressure of the air which causes it to ascend; after that period, it is raised by lifting it up, as you would raise it in a bucket, of which the piston formed the bottom; and water having been so raised, it cannot fall back again in consequence of the valve, which is kept closed by its pressure. All, therefore, that is necessary, is to keep the working barrel within the limits of atmospheric pressure; we have then only to fix a continued straight pipe to the top of the barrel, and to lengthen the piston rod in the same proportion, and the water will continue to rise at each successive stroke of the pump, until at length it will flow over the top of the pipe, or through a spout inserted in any part of its side. The common pump, therefore, is properly called the sucking and lifting pump."

The party expressed themselves fully satisfied; and Tom inquired who invented the machine.

"It is an instrument of great antiquity," replied his father; "its invention is generally ascribed to Ctesibius of Alexandria, who lived about 120 years before Christ; but the principle of its action was not understood for ages after its invention. The ancients entertained a belief that 'Nature abhorred a vacuum'; and they imagined, that when the piston ascended, the water immediately rushed forward to prevent the occurrence of this much dreaded vacuum. In the seventeenth century a pump was constructed at Florence by which it was attempted to raise water from a well to a very considerable altitude, but it was found that no exertion of this machine could be made to raise it above 32 feet from its level. This unexpected embarrassment greatly puzzled the engineer, until Galileo suggested that the pressure on the water below must cause its ascent into the pump, and that according to his theory, when it had risen 32 feet, its pressure became equivalent to that of the atmosphere, and could, therefore not rise any higher; and as they did not, at that time, understand the construction of the piston valve, the design was abandoned. It is now time to conclude your lesson; to-morrow, I hope we shall be able to enter upon the subject of the kite."

"See!" exclaimed the vicar, "here comes our friend, the major."

"I have really been so engaged, for the last few days, in making domestic arrangements at my new residence, that I have not found any time to call either at the lodge or vicarage," said the major, "and I much fear, continued he, 'that I shall be obliged to make another journey to London; for these lawyers are extremely dilatory in their proceedings; and there is my friend Wilcox conjuring up difficulty after difficulty, with respect to the title of Osterly Park. The worthy man has my interest so deeply at heart, that I fear his morbid anxiety renders him fastidious.'"

"And when do you propose to set off?" asked Mr. Seymour.

"The day after to-morrow, unless I receive some satisfactory letters by the next post," answered the major.

The vicar here expressed a hope that his two friends would honor him with a visit; he said that there were some points of difference between himself and the major, which he should much like to refer to Mr. Seymour. It was agreed that the party should, at once, walk to the vicarage, and take into consideration the several grave matters which had been the subject of so much learned controversy.

In their way thither, the vicar expatiated, with some warmth, upon what he was pleased to term 'the fables' of his antiquarian friend; he complained of his skepticism upon points that were perfectly unquestionable.

"You are now alluding, I suppose," said the major, "to the doubt I expressed respecting the authenticity of your leather money?"

"That is one of the many subjects, upon which I must say you have betrayed a deficiency in historical knowledge. Seneca informs us, that there was an ancient stamped money of leather; and the same thing was put in practice by Frederick II. at the siege of Milan; to say nothing of an old tradition amongst ourselves, that in the confused times of the barons' wars, the same expedient was practised in England."

"You strangely mistake me," replied the major; "I never questioned the truth of these historical statements; I know full well that numerous substances have, at different times, and in different countries, been adopted in exchange, as conventional representatives of property. I have already stated that cattle were employed as the earliest measures of value. We find for instance, in Homer, that the golden armour of Glaucus was valued at a hundred, and that of Diomedes, at ten oxen. Among the Indians, conies, or small shells, are used; and the Abyssinians employ salt, bricks and beads, for this very purpose; the ancient Britons are said to have circulated iron rings as money. The Hollanders, we know, coined great quantities of paste-board in the year 1754; and Numa Pompilius certainly made money both of wood and leather."

"And yet you do doubt the authenticity of my leather money, which I am fully persuaded was coined in 1360, by John, king of France, who, having agreed to pay our Edward the Third the sum of 3,000,000 golden crowns for his ransom, was so reduced as to be compelled to a coinage of leather for the discharge of his household expenses."

"I have only questioned the authenticity of that specimen which I saw in your cabinet," replied the major; "and so must any person who views it through a medium unclouded by prejudice. I will stake my whole library to a horn-brook, that our friend Mr. Seymour will agree with me in pronouncing it a fragment of the heel of an old shoe; let him observe the perforation, and say if he can, that it has not been produced by a nail or a peg. But really, my dear Mr. Twaddleton, you have forced me much against my inclination, into this controversy."

"Very good, Sir, very good! the heel of an old shoe, first! But I thank you, Major Soapwell," exclaimed the vicar, with some warmth; "I thank you, Sir. Your assertion, while it evinces your own want of historical information, establishes beyond doubt, the authenticity of my treasure, and the triumph of my opinion."

"Assuredly," said Mr. Seymour, with a wicked smile; "I dare say there may be numerous holes in this leather coin; for many have been the antiquaries who have, doubtless, pinned their faith upon it."

"Psha, psha!" cried the vicar; "for once, at least, Mr. Seymour, let me entreat you to be serious; the subject, Sir, is important, and merits your respect. It is from that very hole that I am enabled to identify the coin; yes, major, from that very hole, which you affect to despise, I am enabled to derive its principal claim to antiquity. Are we not expressly informed, that the leather money of John of France had a little nail of silver driven into it?"

"Well, then," continued the major, "what say you to that tell-tale stitch, which I so unfortunately picked out with my pen-knife?"

"Admirable ingenuity! most refined sophistry! provoking perversion!" exclaimed the vicar. "It is really amusing to observe the address with which the prejudiced observer distorts every fact to his own advantage. Why, bless me, Sir, that stitch is strong enough to drag fifty such opponents out of the slough of unbelief!"

"Do explain yourself," said Mr. Seymour.

"Explain myself! the stitch speaks for itself, Sir. Were not these leather coins strung together in different numbers, to facilitate payments? For, you will admit, that it would have been extremely inconvenient to have coined single pieces of leather, of different denominations."

The antiquaries had reached the vicarage before the conclusion of their discussion; and as the reader will probably agree with us in thinking that a question of such grave historical importance, ought not to be decided without due care and deliberation, we shall afford the disputants a reasonable time for their researches, and put an end to the present chapter.

A NEW SOURCE OF WEALTH.

When the manufacture of pure oil from hogs' lard, in quantities, and quality to supersede the whale fisheries, was predicted only two or three years ago, most people were incredulous, and our friends of New Bedford and Nantucket, laughed outright. But all doubts are at an end, and actual experiments have proved that the Great West can supply the world with *york and lard*, and from the same hogs, by the aid of chemistry, with *Whale Oil, Olive Oil, Bear grease*, and pure *Sperm* candles, called *Stearine*. The following description from the New York Tribune, of the manufacture of the last named article, will be found interesting.

[Eastern Argus.]

The manufacture of Lard Oil has opened a new source of wealth to the West, and one which, as yet, is only on the threshold of profitable operation. Not only does it furnish a vent for the immense quantity of lard which the West produces and which its capacity to produce is unbounded, but it furnishes a material for candles, called *Stearine*, which is destined to supersede tallow and spermaceti as lard oil has sperm and olive oils. The substance is the residue of lard after the oily parts have been abstracted by immense hydrostatic pressure. It is of various qualities, according to the perfection of the manufacture. We saw a parcel a day or two since, perfectly white, as hard as marble, and resembling in all its qualities the pure wax; indeed, with the admixture of one tenth part of wax the compound cannot be distinguished from it, excepting by the most experienced judges. It can also be so made as closely to resemble spermaceti. The quality of *Stearine* of which we saw a sample, is worth 20 cents per pound, and the candles made from it 22 cents per pound. Compared with sperm they are equally handsome, do not run, are much harder, and will burn from a quarter to a third longer. The price of sperm is now

30 cents per pound. This fine description of *Stearine* has but recently been produced. A sample in neat blocks has been sent to England to try the market, and a large export demand is confidently anticipated at some future day. Of the candles only about 200 boxes have yet been made. Several poorer qualities of *Stearine* are produced, selling as low as 6 to 7 cents per pound. The candles made from these are worth about 14 cents per pound, and are much superior to those made of tallow, which are worth 12-1-2 cents. Those croakers who have predicted the eventual destruction of all the whales, and a consequent unilluminated world, will see by the above facts that in the boundless Valley of the Mississippi we have the means of light, both in the shape of oil and candles, from a source which cannot well fail us. We can breed hogs although we cannot whales; and with candles made of this hogs' wax—for it is wax to all intents and purposes—we can very well do without the yield of the sperm whale.

In these articles of Oil and *Stearine* we see another avenue worked by American skill and industry by which wealth is to be poured into the lap of our Western farmers. We can produce enough to supply the world, and with our advantages, can undersell any other nation on the globe.

(To be Continued.)

On Iron and Steel. No. 1.

By THOMAS GILL.

On the kinds of Iron proper for Cast Steel.—The best iron for this purpose is Swedish, of the marks (i) and P, termed 100 lb. L, and PL; and the next best are marked S, or S i.e. double star, or double bullet. The Swedish Government ensures the purity of the iron according to its mark; and although many other marks are imported by the merchants, and these the dearest, yet those above mentioned ought to be preferred, where cast steel of a good quality is required. The above marks are on iron made from the Danemora or Oregrund ores, which are chiefly carbonates and oxides of iron.

On the conversion of Iron into Steel.—This is effected by inclosing it in earthen coffers, surrounded by, and covered with, charcoal, and heated in a proper furnace, (as described in the Transactions of the Manchester Society; and in Vol. 1. of the Philosophical Magazine,) until, on trial, it is found to be blistered all over its surface, whilst the miller will be smoother; and great use may be made of these indications, in selecting steel for various purposes. For cast-steel, due care should be taken that the bars are converted entirely through; as otherwise, great difficulty will occur in fusing it, and its quality will be impaired.

On the due selection of Steel, after conversion.—Here the indications, mentioned under the last head, must be employed; for instance for hard steel, that most covered with large blisters must be chosen; for milder steel, that which has smaller ones; and for softer and still milder steel, the smoothest must be selected, and kept apart for fusion into ingots of cast-steel, of those different qualities. And indeed, such a selection ought to be made in choosing steel for any other purpose; as blister-steel, or for making it into shear-steel, German-steel, &c.; for that kind of steel which is fit for making razors, saw-files, and other hard implements, is by no means fit for saws, sword blades, springs, &c.; the first mentioned articles requiring steel of a hard quality; whilst the latter should be made of mild steel.

On fusing Steel into ingots.—The steel, after such selection, must now be broken into proper lengths, and put into large crucibles or melting-pots, and covered with a mixture of quick-lime and powdered green-glass, as a flux, and to prevent oxidation; it is then fused in a powerful wind furnace; and poured into cast-iron moulds, made in two parts, and bound together with screws, or by rings with wedges interposed, to form it into ingots of a proper shape for making bar-steel, sheet steel, &c.; the sharp corners, or angles, being, however, in all cases, removed, to prevent cracks in drawing the steel into bars; and care being taken to have them large enough for the steel to be sufficiently condensed for use when drawn into bars, or rolled into sheets.

On working ingots of Cast-Steel into bars.—The ingots should be heated only to a warm red, and then be subjected to the blows of a heavy forge-hammer; at first moving but slowly, until the sponginess of the ingot is overcome, and the steel acquires more cohesion; when the motion of the hammer may be increased gradually, and the bars drawn to their proper size; but, above all things, over-heating it should be carefully avoided, where the good quality of the steel is to be preserved; not withstanding the greater length of time necessary to be employed in this operation.

On working Cast-Steel.—Here the precautions, recommended under the last head, of Working Cast-steel ingots into bars, ought to be particularly attended to; for notwithstanding what has been published by Horne, in his Essays concerning iron and Steel (1773) in regard to restoring the properties of over-heated steel, it is a fact, that there is no remedy for this evil; and, therefore, where the good quality of the articles is a principal object, we again repeat, that the steel should be worked with the least possible heat to forge it, notwithstanding the additional labour and time requisite in that operation; and particularly for the harder kinds, where a little carelessness in this respect would cause the steel to fly to pieces under the hammer.

On proving the qualities of Cast-Steel.—The bars must be carefully heated at one end, and drawn down to a proper thickness for bending about two inches in length, half an inch in breadth, and from one-eighth to one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, this part must be then heated to the proper degree for hardening, (of which see more hereafter) and quenched, leaving the thick part of the bar still hot; and then be blazed off to a spring temper, (which will also be hereafter described) and again quenched. They are then fit for proving; which is effected by screwing about half an inch of the small end of the hardened and tempered part horizontally into the chaps of a vice firmly fixed to a workbench, and then using the bar as a lever, walking round the vice, and bending it, until it either snaps suddenly short on being but little bent,—which marks it to be *hard*; bends until it had been carried round a quarter of a circle, and then breaks quietly off,—which marks it to be of *mild or middling quality*; or until it has been carried round a full circle, and then only

tears asunder, like lead,—which proves it to be of a *soft quality*, and well adapted for springs. The bars should now be accordingly filed with chalk, or in any other more permanent manner, with either of the letters H, M, or S, in order to distinguish their qualities into *Hard, Mild, or Soft*, at any future period. Should the first essay not prove satisfactory, the operation should be repeated; which the length of the part hardened and tempered will permit; for sometimes the small end may be too thin, or it may be overheated in forging, hardening, or tempering it; which is not so likely to happen to the part adjacent to it; and when the trial has been made, the small part so drawn out, may be broken off from the bars.

It is evident, that the same method of proving the qualities of cast-steel is applicable to all the cast-steel sold in the shops; and surely every good workman will now gladly avail himself of a certain method of assuring his steel, so as to suit the various purposes he has occasion to employ it in. And it may be observed, that every of a bar of cast-steel will prove of the same quality as the part proved; various the different bars themselves may be.

On hardening Cast-steel.—Great care is, indeed, necessary, in this operation; for, after all the pains taken in working the steel, the whole fruits thereof may be lost, if it be so little over-heated in hardening it; and therefore, an essay should be made, by hardening part of the same bar, from which the articles were made; trying first, even below the hardening heat; and if, on quenching, it should prove soft, heating it again a little more; and on, by degrees, until the proper, or lowest degree of heat is ascertained, at which it will harden;—and the same degree of heat should be carefully observed, with all the articles made from that bar. When the proper degree of heat is attained the article may be quenched, in ordinary cases in rain water; but, if for saws, or springs, in proper hardening liquids, of which more hereafter.

To detect flaws, or cracks, in hardening.—Warm the article a little, by drawing it through the fire, and then through the cold dust on the hearth; and immediately apply a little oil all along one side of it, with a leather; in a short time, the oil will penetrate the cracks, if any exist, and appear on the opposite side, in dark marks upon the dust.

In this way, and before much cost has been bestowed upon the articles, may such flaws be detected; which would afterwards have appeared when the expensive operations of grinding, polishing &c. had been performed upon them.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

YANKEE BLADE.—This paper, heretofore published in Waterville, where, and in which we lay, says "Mathews at home," has been removed to Gardiner. "Tell you what 'tis, William—if you conform to the customs of the place, your blade, or your master, will be soon qualified to share closer than ever; a two edged razor won't be a circumstance to it."

"**TIS SLANDER,** whose tongue out venoms all the worms of Nile" said one of our times, and verily we believe him. Why it is that so many who have such glaring faults of their own, delight to gloss over the slips of their neighbors is beyond our feeble comprehension. We remember to have read, long ago, an allegory, by an ancient fabulist, that Jupiter at the creation of man gave him two bags, one quite small, and the other quite large, in which to place his own faults and those of his neighbor, leaving him to choose which of the two suits to appropriate. He chose the large bag for his neighbor, and hung it before him, thus having it always in sight; the smaller for himself, which was hung behind his back. The moral is obvious. Most emphatically is this true of our day. If some of our modern Solomons, whose argus eyes are ever watchful over their neighbor and his doings, would but just change the position of the bags, and thus watch themselves a little more closely, and others a little less, it would be better for all concerned.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

Latest from Europe.—The steamship Great Western, Capt. Hosken, arrived at New York at an early hour on Monday morning last, having left Liverpool at 6 o'clock on the afternoon of the 5th inst. The Great Western had on board 121 passengers, and over 200 tons of freight. Her passage was made in 15 days and 10 hours.

The packet ships Virginia, Montezuma, and Hottinger had arrived at Liverpool, the Montezuma having made her trip in 15 days. Her port-gallant sails, says the European Times, were not lowered, from her departure until her arrival; and during the whole of that time her main-royal had only been furled three hours.

The weather in England had improved. The crops had experienced no serious injury. It was thought that a fair portion of warmth and sunshiny would insure an abundant harvest. Gloomy apprehensions, however, entertained.

No check seems to have been given to the outrages of "Rebecca and her children," in Wales, and their movements exhibit a unity of purpose and a possession of accurate information which are somewhat formidable. The dragoons are kept continually on the alert, but they are always too late.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Blewett gave notice of a bill, for the most seasonable prevention of the sovereignty of any foreign state from sitting as member of the British Parliament—aimed at the King of Hanover.

The House went into committee of supply—the first item proposed being £1,381,211, as compensation for the opium surrender to the Chinese by Capt. Elliott and destroyed. The sum proposed was very nearly equal to the £1,000,000 exacted from the Chinese, and would amount to £64 a chest.

Sir Augustus D'Este, son of the late Duke of Sussex, by his disallowed marriage with Lady Augusta Murray, has, it is said, presented a petition to the Queen, his cousin, claiming the titles worn by his father.

John C. Clinton, alias Reed—the person supposed to have committed the great forgeries by which Messrs. Jacob Little & Co. were such heavy losers—were brought up at the Guildhall for examination on the 5th inst. but was again remanded until the 18th.

There appears to be no truth in the report, that Espartero had retired into Portugal. On the contrary he was still, at the date of the latest telegraphic advices from Bayonne—August 1, given in the London papers of the 5th—carrying on the bombardment of Seville, in ignorance, apparently, of the revolutionary provisional government was quietly established.

The Lords of the Treasury had issued a minute, which had been received at Dublin, and a copy forwarded to every person holding office under Government, threatening with immediate dismissal every individual who connects himself in any way, however remote, with the agitation for the repeal of the Union. The repealers will, of course, regard this as a mere *brutum fulmen*, and laugh at it accordingly.—*European Times.*

The Dublin Pilot says that the repeal "demonstration," fixed to take place on the "Hill of Tara," this month, will, far and away, exceed all others in magnitude and general importance.

In the Court of Bankruptcy, on Saturday, the 14th

matter of Wright and Biddulph's bankruptcy, an application was made by a gentleman on the part of the Governor and State of Illinois, North America, to participate in the dividend now in the course of payment out of the estate in the sum of \$1,768,356 60, on account of the bankruptcy of the bankrupts by the time of their failure. This was opposed by the assignees on the ground that some part of the debt was bad, the bonds having been at the time they obtained them in the state of insolvency, and unable to pay its own dividend. The application was granted.—London Herald.

Dreadful Conflagration at Sackett's Harbor.—This morning, at half past 10 o'clock, the village of Sackett's Harbor was visited by a most destructive fire. It is supposed to have taken from the steamer St. Lawrence, which had left the dock about half an hour previous. It originated in the store house of S. T. Hooker; and as the wind was very high at the time, the flames spread with fearful rapidity, enveloping in a few moments, the new and extensive store erected last season by S. T. Hooker & Company, and soon the entire range as far east as the steamboat office, formerly occupied by William Buckley. The fire soon crossed the street, destroying the Commercial Hotel and all the intermediate buildings between that and the Center House, kept by A. Scuyler, which was saved. The brick building opposite the Commercial, occupied as a saddler's shop, was also destroyed, and all the buildings on both sides of Bayard street to the Presbyterian Church, which was also consumed. The bakery and dwelling house of J. B. Phelps, Esq., the law office of D. N. Burnham, several stores, shops, &c.; including the tin shop of C. Symonds, the grocery store of J. Simpson, with several others, names not recollected. The extensive livery stable of Mr. Dodge was destroyed by fire, with several fine horses. J. E. Phelps, Esq., lost a very valuable horse, which perished in the flames. It is reported that the Custom House is destroyed, and from its contiguity to the origin of the fire, we fear it may be so, yet from the direction of the wind at the time, we hope it is otherwise. A young man leaped from an upper story in the Commercial, and was considerably injured. Both his legs were broken. The amount of property destroyed must have been very considerable. It is believed that a very small portion destroyed, was insured.

By the time of issuing our regular edition, we shall be able to give our readers the full particulars of this dreadful calamity.

The report of the destruction of the Custom House is contradicted, as also of the horses.—Black River Journal Extra, August 21.

A Capital Good Race.—The editor of the New York American was among the many hundreds who were on board the steamboat Knickerbocker, on the occasion of her experimental trip on Monday. An interesting and graphic account of the whole voyage is thus concluded:—

"On leaving the wharf in New York, we came out on board with the appearance of a thunder storm, rising from the west. Until we arrived at Newburg, it was so good and so good—no thunder storm, now Knickerbocker. At Newburg, we expected that we should be beaten, and the edge of the storm appeared to be directly over our heads. The heavens at the south were hung with a black pall, about which the lightning played in all fantastic shapes. The wind started to blow from the south a good breeze; and just as we expected to be deluged with rain, and stunned with the howlings of the mighty thunder, the wind suddenly changed with a strong puff from the north, which seemed to check in some degree the advance of the storm. Like the lightning we shot from under its influence, and in a few moments ran under a rain cloud coming from a northern direction, and which was instantly covered with its torrents. It did not rain it poured. As we passed from under the northern storm, a friend, who seemed to have been for some time absorbed in the grandeur of the scene, suddenly turned to us, and with a smart slap on the shoulder, exclaimed, 'There, by Jove, we have had thunder and lightning.'

Riot in Ann Street.—Yesterday afternoon an affray commenced between some white sailors and negroes, in Ann street, near North square. There are different versions of the story, as to the origin of it, but from all we can learn, the whites were the aggressors. Some insult was given by a white sailor, and the blacks set upon him; another white sailor came to his assistance, and to be host-slain's mate of the Revenue Cutter, and they were dragged into the house of Mr. Forman, and abused in a most shocking manner—the latter being stabbed in the back, and the former having his head cut badly with an axe. Mr. Forman, who is said to be the keeper of a very respectable boarding house for black people, was not at home at the time, but was sent for, and soon appeared.

A general field ensued between whites and blacks, during which a great many wounds were inflicted, of a serious nature, upon both parties. The day police was not sufficient to quell the riot, and the bells were rung, as if for fire. At the alarm of fire, the department of course turned out with its usual alacrity, and the Chief Engineer, with Engine Company No. 15 was soon on the ground, but not before the house of Forman was almost completely destroyed. The women, who were with Capt. Bernicot and his assistant engineers, appeared, the combatants dispersed, and in a short time order was in a great measure restored. Marshall Blake soon arrived, and took possession of all the streets in the neighborhood, and kept order during the night.

We learn that a number of persons, both whites and blacks, were very seriously injured, but the extent of the injury it was not possible to learn last evening. It was reported that the man from the Cutter and Mr. Forman were not expected to recover.—Boston Courier.

INTERVIEW WITH FATHER MATHEW.

Mr. Lewis Tappan, of New York, while attending the World's Convention, lately assembled at London, had an interview with the great apostle of temperance in Ireland, Father Mathew. The following account was given by Mr. Tappan in a recent speech at Brooklyn, Long Island:—

"Mr. T. had a highly interesting interview with Father Mathew, and although an old temperance man himself, he received from him the temperance pledge anew, and a present of a handsome medal. Father Mathew stated to him that he was himself induced to take the pledge by the persuasions of Wm. Martin, who had for a long time been urging him to do so. He was at that time a house, obscure Catholic priest, and soon after he had signed, he began to preach upon the subject to his little flock. At first only a few of his congregation came to him to receive the pledge—then others about the neighborhood—then they began to come from places ten, fifteen, and twenty miles distant. He finally concluded that it would be less trouble for him to go to the people than it would for the people to come to him, and he began to make short excursions about the country, administering the pledge to those who were willing to receive it. He was then invited to Limerick, and upon arriving there, instead of finding four or five hundred people to speak to, as he expected, there were two hundred thousand assembled, anxiously awaiting his arrival. His Bishop, seeing the great excitement he was producing, went and remonstrated with him, and told him he was departing from the line of his duty. 'Don't you know,' said the Bishop, 'that the people can do more or sustain our religion than anybody else?' 'Yes,' replied Father Mathew, 'and I know that your brother is the greatest distiller in the country, and I know too, that it is more important to secure the health, and happiness, and peace of our people, than it is to build up the Roman Catholic religion.' Finding that he had nothing but opposition to expect from his Bishop, he immediately wrote to the Pope, who sent him back a highly encouraging letter, with a commission appointing him 'Vicar Apostolic,' which took him entirely out of the jurisdiction of the Bishop, and made him responsible for his conduct to the Pope alone. Fa-

ther Mathew told Mr. T. that three-fourths of the people of Ireland had taken the pledge, and that not more than one in five hundred had broken it. The number of Mr. T.'s certificate was 5,281,921!! In administering the pledge, the people, men, women and children, knelt down in a row, and the women, in rising, would often hold up their babies for Father Mathew to kiss, which he invariably did, although their little faces were often rather smutty. He would plough dirt to do good, he said, at any time. Mr. Tappan asked him what would be the result, in his opinion, of the present reginal movement to the people of Ireland? He answered, very significantly, (for he is a man of few words,) 'They will get equal laws, sir!'

The New York papers contain long accounts of the damage done by the severe storm of rain and wind, of Monday last, in that vicinity. The streets were absolutely deluged. Much damage was done to the cellars and shipping along the wharves. At one or two points in the city, several chimneys were blown down, damaging property, without loss of life. The wooden pavements were floating about town with perfect indifference. Engines were out, pumping water from the basements and vaults. The damage to the streets and basement stories of houses in various sections of the city, is said to be extensive.

Frauds in the Molasses Trade.—A correspondent of the Portland Advertiser complains of a practice which he says obtains among some of the dealers in molasses in that city. It is that of obtaining several molasses and neutralizing the acid by mixing a few gallons of lime water with each hoghead. This kind of adulteration might be easily detected by the use of Chemical tests.

Hill's New Hampshire Patriot announces the death of Jonathan Garage, of Fryeburg, Me. aged 90. He fought at the battle of Bunker Hill, and was present at the late Bunker Hill celebration, and lost his reason from the excitement produced by the occasion, in which state he died, without any other apparent disease.

Mad Practice.—Dr. Humphrey, of Guernsey, Ohio, has been indicted in the sum of \$3000 for giving a boy too much calomel. He is a regular practitioner.

Yellow Fever and Death.—Capt. John Spear, of Thomason, (Me.) late of the brig Growler, from N. Orleans, died on Monday last, at the quarantine ground N. York, of yellow fever. We learn (says the Journal of Commerce) that all the crews have been sick of the same complaint. Several other cases from other vessels have occurred at the same place within a few weeks. Capt. S. sickened and died within 4 or 5 days.

Removals in Maine.—The following removals and appointments of Post-Masters were made in this State last week:—

Mount Vernon Village. U. T. Cram, (dem.) vice W. H. Hartwell, (whig.)
Farmington. Charles E. Johnson, (dem.) vice H. B. Stowell, (whig.)
South Leeds. S. A. Wing, (dem.) vice John Givens, (whig.)
Winn. J. C. Pierce, (dem.) vice Nathaniel Robbins, (whig.)

Thomas Hart, beer seller, Hallowell, christened his twenty-ninth child on Wednesday week. Of that number twenty-five are still alive, and should the prolific pair live a few years, further additions to their family may be expected. [London paper.]

Good Spunk.—A strong-listed servant girl in New York recently flung two pitiful scoundrels named John and Elam Miles, who insulted her in the street.

Great Freshet—Boom Broke.—Yesterday was very rainy, and the river has risen six feet at Ogdontown, and is still rising. We learn that the boom at Great Works broke yesterday and about \$15,000 worth of logs have gone down the river.

A Wild Boy.—The following extraordinary advertisement appears in the Toronto Christian Guardian of the 12th ultimo: "A reward of fifty dollars will be given to any person or persons who will find Thomas Spence, son of Wm. Spence, who was lost in the township of Caledon, on the night of the 30th September, 1841. The boy was seen on the 4th of June 1843, by two sons of Daniel McLaughlin, on the town line between Carden and Albion. He was sitting on a stone, looking at his feet which was sore; he was quite naked, excepting the waist-band of a pair of trousers of a dark color, and about four inches of the one thigh, in rags, corresponding with the same he wore when lost."

He was seen again on the 14th of June last, having on the part of clothing last described, by Mrs. Howard, on the base line between Mono and Caledon, less than three miles from where he was lost. Mrs. H. came close up to him and was not perceived until she came so near that she might have put her hand upon him; she was frightened, and stood to look at him, and he stood in the same manner gaze at her. On the morning of the 15th of June, she was asked back, and then the boy started into the woods; she then went to the place where her husband had been once looking, and they all left work, and went in search of him; but they only found his track in the swamp. Mrs. H. says that when he turned to run away from her, he had a mine of hair growing down his back."

An honest boy.—That "honesty is the best policy" was illustrated some years since under the following circumstances, detailed by the Rochester Democrat. A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petition him for aid to his sick sister and her children, when he found a wallet containing fifty dollars. The aid was refused, and the distressed family, with a bunch of wild geese, started on their way. The boy, who was a native of the place, expressed a doubt about using any portion of the money. His mother confirmed his good resolution—the pocket-book was advertised, and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the history of the family, he presented the fifty dollars to the sick mother, and took the boy into his service, and he is now one of the most successful merchants in Ohio. Honesty always brings its reward—to the mind if not to the pocket.

More American Manufactures going Abroad.—Troy and Canton. One of our Canton merchants, (think of that, Albanians!) made a purchase on Saturday of 50 dozen razor strops of the celebrated manufacture of our fellow citizen, Mr. Isaac Hillman, No. 183 Congress street, for the Canton market. The same gentleman carries out a large amount of American cutlery and American lead. He informs us that he found it extremely difficult when in Boston last year, to obtain a supply of domestic razors. The 15th of August the orders already received by the manufacturers being so full as to keep them constantly at work. There have already been exported from Boston to China, the present year, 15,000,000 yards of cotton goods, while from Great Britain to China the exports have only been 12,000,000 yards. The Celestials are giving our cloths the preference. [Troy Whig.]

From China.—The ship Thomas Perkins, Capt. Graves, arrived at New York, on Thursday, from Canton, having sailed on the 18th of April. Our duties by the overland mail are to May 7th. Nevertheless the following items, from the Macao papers of April 15th, are worth giving:—A letter in the Register gives an account of some disorders, and some very serious results. The disturbance arose between some "fast boat" men and the keepers of a gaming house. The Chinese soldiers interfered, to the number of about two hundred, but taking part with the gaming house people, they were attacked by the crews of all the "fast boats" and beaten off. One of the boatmen was killed and another fatally wounded. We do not know whether the "fast boat" men are foreigners or natives. The people of Whampoa had sent up a deputation to remonstrate against the English being allowed to build factories there. The Register says,

however, that the English have no such intention. The French frigate Ergone, and the United States frigate Constellation were at the Bogue. The commanders had gone to Canton to have an interview with the Chinese authorities. The Ergone saluted the English flag at Hong Cong—the Constellation did not. The commander of the Constellation was right, according to the Friend of China, salutes not being due until after the official proclamation that the treaty Nankin had been ratified.

British Insolence.—A little party of gentlemen from Buffalo went over in a row boat to the Canada side, to look at the ruins of an old fort, and, while on shore, their boat was seized and declared to be forfeited to the Crown of England, because it contained a few refreshments which the party had prepared as a substitute for a dinner! Major Kirby is the name of the officer under whose authority this contemptible piece of petty tyranny was perpetrated.

American Fruit Abroad.—In one of Mr. Weed's letters, he speaks of the superiority of American raspberries, raspberries, plums, &c., as compared with those produced in England. This superiority extends to and is still more marked in the case of apples. An American gentleman in London last year stopping at a fruit stand, asked for some apples. Various kinds were shown him. Not liking their looks, he inquired if they had any better. "Oh, yes, sir," was the reply, "we have a few American apples," and they were accordingly produced.

Lightning.—During a drenching thunder storm at Virginia, lately, the leader and saddle horse of a team of five horses was struck dead in the road a few miles from Lynchburg; and, strange to say, the middle horse escaped, and arranged still the driver, who was sitting on the saddle horse, was uninjured. A dog under the wagon was killed. Two boys were in the wagon, and they like the driver escaped with a stunning. The fluid first struck a chestnut tree opposite the lead horse and then glanced and killed him. The Virginia attorney takes the speedy recovery of the driver and the escape of the rest of the team of rain which was falling at the time.

A Strange and Solenn Companion.—The N. Orleans Republican of Monday week says: "A gentleman whose name we do not feel disposed to publish, to make public, for many years a resident of this city, and whose health for the past six months has been, and now is, a very precarious and critical condition, took passage in a ship for the North on Saturday, with the endeavor to see his friends before he died. There was put on board for him a coffin, lined with tin at his own desire; so that in case he should die on this mortal coil," he might be preferred to be laid under the sod. His wife accompanied him.

Married

In Hartford, by Rev. W. Foss, Mr. Allen P. Cole, of this town, to Miss Mary P. Proctor, daughter of Dr. Uriah Proctor, of Hartford. A friend of the bridegroom, Mr. John H. Houghton, of Boston, to Miss Anne S. daughter of Nathaniel Badger, Esq. of Brunswick.
In Farmington, 16th ult. by Rev. I. Rogers, John L. Cutler, Esq. to Miss Abby D. daughter of Hon. Hiram Belcher.
In Belfast, Mr. Charles Giles to Miss Eunice B. Salmon.
In Farmington, O. T. Macomber, of Concordia Parish, La. to Miss Deborah R. Alexander.
In Thomaston, Eliza Thurston, A. B. principal of the Charleston Academy, to Miss Angeline R. Montgomery, of Cushing.

Deaths

In Livermore, July 24, David, son of Mr. Luther Lovell, aged about 16. Aug. 1, Mrs. Betsy, wife of Mr. Eli Soper, aged about 60.
In Readfield, 19th ult. Miss Rachel Hutton, aged about 44.
In Augusta, Sylvia E. eldest daughter of Walter W. Philbrick, aged 18.
In Wilton, Augustus S. C. Strickland, Esq. aged about 30.
In Unity, Mrs. Mary, daughter of Dea. Michael Hinson, aged 37.
In Gardiner, Mr. Thomas M. Plaisted, aged 22, formerly of Jefferson, N. H.
In Northport, Mr. David Miller, aged 84.
In Buckfield, Thaddeus Pratt, aged 88. In the same town, Jabez Churchill, aged 85; both Revolutionary Soldiers and Pensioners. Mr. Churchill was in the battle of Saratoga, when Burgoyne surrendered.

BRIGANTINE MARKET.

At Market 425 Beef Cattle, 50 Cows and Calves, 3500 Sheep, and 250 Swine.
PRICES.—Beef Cattle—Last week's prices were fully sustained. Two yokes were probably sold for something more than our highest quotations. A few extra at 4 50 a 4 75; first quality 4 25 a 4 50; second quality 3 75 a 4 25; third quality 3 a 3 50.
Cows and Calves.—We noticed sales at \$12, 15, 18, 22, 25 and 27.
Sheep.—Dull. Small lots of Lambs with a few old Sheep, from 40c to 1 50. Old Sheep \$1 75, 2, and 2 25.
Swine.—Lots to peddle at 4 30 a 4 50 for Sows, and 5 30 a 5 50 for Barrows. At retail from 5 to 7c.

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale her farm in Winthrop, known as the "Philbrook Farm." It is very pleasantly situated, less than a mile from the village, where are good schools, meetings, mills, mechanics, a cotton factory, and a market for the produce. It contains about 50 acres of excellent land, well cultivated and watered, with a two-story dwelling house, barn, carriage house, and outbuildings—also a valuable orchard of engrafted fruit. For location, quality of soil, and all that renders a farm of this size desirable, it cannot fail to give satisfaction. A liberal credit, with satisfactory security, will be given. For further particulars inquire of SAM'L P. BENSON, Esq. or the subscriber on the premises. MARY JANE PHILBROOK.
Winthrop, August 30, 1843.

Last Call.

THE subscriber would give notice to all concerned, that the notes and accounts due his brother, Dr. S. L. Clark, were left with him to accommodate those who wished to settle the same. He will retain them in his hands until the 30th of September next, when all that are not settled will be left with an attorney. No mistake. E. M. CLARK.
Winthrop, July 26, 1843.

A Girl Wanted.

To do housework. Inquire at this office.

At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the first Monday of August, A. D. 1843, within and for the County of Kennebec.

A CERTAIN instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of JOHN KEZER, late of Winthrop, in said County, deceased, having been presented by JOHN KEZER, Jr. the Executor therein named for Probate: Ordered, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Maine Farmer, printed at Winthrop, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the first Monday of September next at four o'clock in the afternoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased. W. EMMONS, Judge.
Attest: F. Davis, Register. 32

Ticking and Feathers.

FOR sale by STANLEY & CLARK—a quantity of ticking and feathers—the former will not fail to suit customers. 22

An Excellent Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber, wishing to change his business, offers his farm for sale. Said farm is situated in Monmouth, on the county road leading from Augusta to Portland, and about a mile and a half from Monmouth Academy. It contains seventy-five acres, well divided into tillage, meadow, pasture and wood land. It has a well of living water under the house, and the barn, and the pastures are well supplied with never-failing springs. There is a good orchard upon it and the whole farm is well fenced. The buildings consist of a new house, built last season, mostly finished and very convenient—two barns in good repair, and other suitable outbuildings. The whole will be sold on the most reasonable and easy terms. For further particulars apply to the subscriber on the premises. MOSES FROST, Jr.
Monmouth, August 21, 1843. 34

High School.

THE subscriber would remind the public that he will commence his School, in the Union Hall, the first Monday in September; and it is desirable that all who are desirous to attend, should be present at the commencement of the term. F. FOSTER. 34

Winthrop, August 24, 1843. 34

GOODS! GOODS!!

CHEAP FOR CASH, is the motto under which the subscribers wish and are prepared to sell their various and extensive assortment of Goods, composed of Broadcloth, Cassimeres and Satinets; black and figured Giraffe Cloth; Ties, Cloths, &c.; Prints, Mous de Laines and Crapes; Saxony Cloths, single and double width; Woollen, Highland, Adriatic, and Mohair plaid Shawls; Scarfs, Lace Veils, Fancy Hairs, Flannels, Cambrics, Ribbons, Gloves, Braided Bindings, Tassels and Cards, Silk and Cotton Hosiery, white and brown Sheetings, Drilling, &c.

Crockery, Glass and Earthen Ware.
Groceries—Teas, Coffee, Molasses, brown and light Havana Sugars, double refined and common sugar, all kinds of Cakes, Cocoa, Butter, lard, beef, mutton and pig, Tobacco, Powder and Shot. A variety of Hardware and Cutlery—Shoemakers' tools, &c.—Double and single Bass and Violin Strings—Medicines, Paints, Oils, Japan, Copal Varnish, &c.

The above, with numerous other articles, we are prepared to sell cheap—no mistake. STANLEY & CLARK. 34

Winthrop, August 24, 1843. 34

Notice.

THE subscriber being about to leave this State for the far West, now offers the greatest chance for bargains ever known in this section of country. He will sell his entire stock of goods, consisting (as is well known) of the greatest variety that can be found in this part of the State, so low that he will astonish his customers. His object is to close up his business immediately. To those who are not acquainted with his stock, he would say that it consists of all kinds of English and domestic goods, groceries, crockery, hardware, paints, medicines, dyestuffs, fancy goods, &c., &c., all of which will be sold considerably less than cost.

Among the great variety of articles that he must sell, will be found one Double Wagon; one single do, one Gig and Harness, one new Sleigh, one second handed do, one Horse, a lot of Lime and Plaster, lot of Shingles and Boards, and many other articles out of the store too numerous to particularize. All of the above goods, that are not sold at private sale before the 30th Sept. next will then be sold at auction to close the concern, sales commencing at nine o'clock in the morning.

He is also under the painful necessity of saying to all those who are indebted to him either by note or account, that the same must be settled before the first day of Oct. next if they would save cost, as after that day all notes and accounts will be placed in the hands of an attorney for immediate collection. The subscriber feels very grateful to his many customers for past favors and hopes they will not think this course severe as the emergency of the case demands it.

He will also sell his Dwelling House and Store situated in the most pleasant and flourishing part of Winthrop Village, on liberal terms. It is one of the best located Merchants that can be found in the State of Maine, and nothing but a Western fever would induce him to sell it.

EZRA WHITMAN, JR.
P. S. If his house and Store is not sold it will be let on the first of October next.
Winthrop, July 18th 1843.

NEW GOODS.

THE Subscriber has lately received a large and extensive assortment of goods as can be found on the Kennebec, and offers the same for sale at the Corner Store on Market Square Augusta.

Consisting in part of Summer Cloths from 8 to 15 cents per yard, Sheetings from 5 1/2 to 8 cents and Drillings from 6 1/2 to 7 1/2 cents.

Prints.

A good assortment of Prints, American from 5 to 12 1/2 cents per yard; London 16 3/4 to 25 cents per yard.

Four and Corn.

100 Bbls Genesee, Ohio & Baltimore Flour.

200 Bushels Yellow, Flat & White Corn.

Provisions.

22 Bbls Clear and Mess Pork and Lard.

20 Qts. Cod and Halibut Fish.

1000 Lbs New York Cheese.

W. I. Goods Groceries.

20 Hbls Molasses, 40 Bags fine Salt, 18 Bags Java, Portocoffee, and other goods, at 65 Cents 25 lbs for \$1, 50 Cents Saluda Raisins 16 lbs for \$1, Box Raisins of the first order, S. Shong Tea first quality 44 cents per lb, Green Tea 58 cents per lb, common Brown Sugar 16 lbs for \$1, Molasses Sugar 2 cents per lb, Crushed Sugar 11 1/2 cents per lb, Powder, Shot, Cigars, Spices, Tobacco, Snuff &c.

Oil and Lard.

Lined Oil, Chemical Oil, Pure Spring Sperm Oil 68 3/4 cents Bbls do 75 do, and common do 55 cents per gal., Dry and ground White lead, Pure, Extra, No. 1 and No. 2.

Matches.

50 Gross Bath Matches will be sold at the Factory price.

HARD WARE.

Nails, Glass, Knives & Forks, Steel, Shovels, Hoes and numerous other articles which will be sold at wholesale or retail as low as can be bought on the River. Purchasers are respectfully invited to call before buying elsewhere.

Augusta, June 18, 1843. 24

Miss Leslie's Magazine.

OR THE HOME BOOK OF LITERATURE.

Fashion, and Domestic Economy.

THIS splendid monthly periodical is universally admitted to be the most deserving of patronage of any which have been issued from the American Press. In literary merit it is conceded to be equal to the best foreign productions, while, in point of embellishment it far surpasses any of its competitors. Though commenced only in January last, its circulation is already greater than that of any similar magazine, and it is constantly and rapidly increasing. The embellishments of Miss Leslie's Magazine are more numerous, original, varied, brilliant and costly, than can be found elsewhere. They embrace every variety of Pictorial Art—Mezzotint, Line and Stipple, Lithotint, Chalktint—and are executed by the most eminent artists. Particular notice is paid to Fashion Plates, which are drawn from the best models, expressly for this work. The price of Miss Leslie's Magazine is just one half that of the other leading periodicals, it being furnished at the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum. Address BRAINARD & Co. 13 Court street, Boston. Editors copying the above three times and sending a marked copy of their paper addressed Brainard & Co. Lit. Express, will receive a copy of the work one year. 3634

Wayne High School.

THE Fall Term will commence on Wednesday, the fourth of September next, and continue twelve weeks, under the care of Mr. B. H. KIMBALL—Tuition, \$2.00 per term. B. W. VARNUM, N. H. CARY, H. HIGHT, J. MOUTON, L. WING. Directors. Wayne, August 16, 1843. 3w33

Winship & Paine

MANUFACTURERS OF UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS & NECK STOCKS, have on hand a large assortment of them, which they will sell whole sale and retail as low as can be purchased elsewhere. Also on hand, a prime assortment of Hats, Caps, Gloves, Music, Musical Instruments, Viol Strings, Koss, in Claret Reed, Paper Hangings, Fancy Soaps, &c. Store corner Middle & Temple Streets. Country traders are invited to call before purchasing. PORTLAND, April 26, 1843. 3m19

Thrashing Machines.

THE subscribers would inform the public that they have on hand and are now manufacturing, Patents Double Horse Power Thrashing Machine which they will sell on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in the State. These Machines operate on the Rail Road Principle, and for ease and durability, are second to no Machine in use, and are built of the best materials and workmanship, and warranted to give satisfaction. All those who are in want of a first rate establishment for thrashing will find it to their advantage to call at the shops of the subscribers in Grand and examine for themselves, before purchasing elsewhere. PERRY & SMITH. Gardiner, July 10th, 1843. 16w25

Grimes' Saut Machines.

THE subscriber continues the manufacture of these Machines, at the Machine Shop of I. G. JOHNSON, in Augusta. He has sold, within the last twelve months, one hundred, 17-1/2 of which have given perfect satisfaction. Persons desirous of testing the utility and power of these Machines may take them on trial, and return them if dissatisfied.

A correspondent of the Age speaks of these Machines as follows:—"Mr. Enos—Among the 'show-and-one' patent machines offered for sale at the present day, there is one which my attention has been called, which is no humbug; I allude to 'Grimes' Patent Saut Machine.' Having one of these machines in my own mill, I speak advisedly, when I say, that if properly set up, it is a perfect cure for smutty grain cases. It is the most perfect Side Hill Plough in use, for any machine, namely—simplicity of construction, durability of material, and compactness of form. One of these Machines is now in operation at Mr. Bridge's mill, in Augusta, where gentlemen interested would do well to call, and satisfy themselves by personal inspection of the above facts. So think a MECHANIC." Apply to I. G. JOHNSON, ALLEN LAMAR, or the subscriber. HOMER WEBSTER. 27U

Washingtonian Vegetable Pills.

Invented and prepared by Elijah Wood, Winthrop. A VEGETABLE ALTERNATIVE PILLS has long been a desideratum, and the inventor of the Washingtonian Pill confidently announces to those of his fellow citizens who are suffering with Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, habitual constiveness, or any of the complicated diseases which arise from inactive or Torpid Liver, Derangement of the Chylificative viscera, Impurity of the Blood, Scrofula, and diseases of the Glands, Skin, or the Absorbent System, that he has prepared a simple and safe remedy which he recommends to them, after an experience in their use of nearly thirty years.

He first prepared them for his own private use, being afflicted with severe attacks of Rheumatism, complicated by a general atony of the system. He has had the satisfaction of being restored to health by them, and has found himself by their means as instruments in the hands of Providence, in good health at the advanced age of seventy-four years.

Many hundreds have experienced the salutary action of these Pills, and many cannot live without them. Their efficacy in acute as well as chronic rheumatism has been experienced, and in almost innumerable cases. Do not, however, take them at night on going to bed. If it is desired merely to relax the bowels take half a one, and increase the dose to five according as you wish to produce more or less cathartic action. The above Pills are for sale at the Maine Farmer Office. Price 25 cents.

Confidence Inspires Confidence.

NEW AND POSITIVE CURE FOR THE

SALT RHEUM.

AND OTHER CUTANEOUS DISORDERS.

JONES'S DROPS FOR HUMORS, a safe internal remedy for SCROFULA and diseases of the skin, such as SALT RHEUM, LEPROSY, SCALD HEAD, ERYSIPELAS, and all kindred diseases, external and internal.

Those afflicted will do well to examine the simple testimonials of physicians and others, in the hands of his authorized Agents, where the medicine may be found, and where persons can be referred to who have experienced its happy effects in this State. It is, however, better to have failed to perform a most satisfactory cure of the various loathsome diseases for which it is designed, where the directions accompanying each bottle have been faithfully followed.

Don't fail or delay in calling, sending, reading, and inquiring for yourselves. You will be induced to try it, thereby find the same wonderful effects as multitudes of others have.

AGENTS. G. W. Washburn, China; A. H. Abbott & Co., South China; Taber, East Vassalborough; Thomas Frye, Vassalborough Corner; A. F. Parlin, Skowhegan; Amos S. Morrill, Madison; Ing

POETRY.

THE FARMER'S HALL.

Oh! is there aught like the "Farmer's Hall,"
With its whitened fence, and its poplars tall,
And its mossed roof of shingles brown;
Is there aught like this in the sickly town?
Is there aught so fine as summer bowers,
Of grape and clematis woven with flowers,
Where often the wild bee with earliest hum,
Gladdens our ear soon as the sun comes;
And then the green lawn spread with dandelions
gay,
And the rill too is near with meandering way,
The elegant wild and briar so sweet,
Oh! when but at farm do we such sights meet?
And far in the vale too, may ever be seen
The king grazing alone in pastures so green,
And the feathered tribe all in the bright stream are
laving,
Even cornfields and meadows seem with life to be
waving,
Within are scenes my pen cannot portray,
There is the neat sanded floor scoured so white
every day,
The clean cherry table, the "oaken chest" too,
And cupboards with tea cups and plates of pure
blue;
The looking glass dressed in the wild princess fine,
The window and mantle with creeping woodbine;
The flower-pot laden with rose and bell blue,
The pink and the violet of various hue;
And last, but not least, are the fine happy girls,
Their cheeks flushed with health, their teeth white
as pearls,
And a lip that without affectation can smile,
A brow free from care, a heart free from guile.
(Ohio Farmer.) E. H. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE BOUND GIRL.

A Tale of Real Life.

DEEPLY INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

BY SKETCHER.

CHAPTER I.

In the drawing room of the most princely mansion in Philadelphia, sat Mrs. Marston, and her daughter, Amelia, a fashionable young lady of seventeen—the former engaged in reading, the latter in working lace, from a beautiful design which lay before her. It was a magnificent apartment in which they sat, correspondent with the unlimited means of the wealthy merchant, Mr. James Marston. The luxurious sofas—the highly finished mahogany chairs—with their spring-seats—the rich soft carpets—the large French mirrors in their heavy gilt frames—the superb paintings that adorned the walls—and the many other magnificent things that decorated the apartment—all spoke of the circumstances of its inmates. A bright fire glowed in the grate and diffused a grateful warmth throughout the room, and whose value was more deeply felt as the biting December wind was heard whistling without.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Marston; as she arose from her seat, with the newspaper still in her hand, "I see the Harpers have just published another novel, by James. I must send Kate for it immediately."

"So saying, she left the room. In a few moments she returned.

"Dear me! how cold it is! It makes one shiver to leave the fire but for a moment." She drew her chair nearer the fire, and again took up the paper. She cast her eye over it, and read aloud the following paragraph:

"We have been informed that a committee of benevolent gentlemen have been busily engaged these few days past in calling upon some of the wealthy families of our city, for the purpose of soliciting donations for the relief of the suffering poor. It is a praiseworthy undertaking, and they deserve the warmest eulogiums, as also do those who have already contributed most munificently. We have the names of some of the donors, which we intend publishing, that the poor may know to whom they are indebted. Let the good work go on. Remember, that 'who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord!'"

Scarcely had she finished reading when the door bell rang, and, shortly after a servant ushered in the Reverend Mr. Warner and Mr. James. The former was the pastor of the Episcopal church in which the Marston family held an elegantly cushioned pew, with a silver plate upon the door, and which said pew they filled regularly every Sunday morning. The other gentleman was a leading member of the church, and a distinguished literary man.

The usual salutations were gone through with, and the gentlemen were seated.

"It is very cold to-day, gentlemen," observed Mrs. Marston.

"Very," replied the visitors.

"Almost too blistering to move from the fire. Is it not bad walking through the snow?"

"It is, indeed, madam," answered the clergyman; "and you no doubt are surprised to find us paying visits on such a day. But our object in doing so, is one that calls for prompt attention—one that our hearts bid us not delay. Simply, it is this, madam. We are about raising a fund to be appropriated to alleviating, in some measure at least, the condition of the poor, and we are now soliciting subscriptions. We have called upon many, and they have responded willingly to our requests. Here is the list of names, with the amounts given."

She took the paper, and read it over. Then taking a gold pencil from her belt, she wrote upon the scroll, "Jane Marston—two hundred dollars."

"There," said she, as she put the paper into Mr. Warner's hand, "I do indeed feel for the suffering poor, and am always happy to do what I can for their relief. There is a hard lot."

"Thank you—thank you, my dear madam! Yours is a generous heart! And now we must bid you a good afternoon, for we have many calls to make—Allow us again to thank you warmly. Good day." And, bowing low they departed.

"How foolish you are, ma!" exclaimed Miss Amelia, when their victims were gone. "Two hundred dollars thrown away for nothing. I'd have seen them far enough before I would have given them such a sum."

"Yes, yes, my dear, but the list—the list! There was Mrs. Walton down for a hundred—Mrs. Fitz Lee for seventy-five—Mrs. Darley for one hundred and fifty—and many others for such sums; but none were there for so hundred. So when the names are pub-

lished, mine will be at the head. You see, my dear, I could not help it, could I?"

"No," certainly not, ma; if that was the case."

"Oh! what kindness of heart! Vanity had taken the golden pencil in her hand, and over the signature of Charity had subscribed herself to Poverty as one in friendship warm!"

CHAPTER II.

Scarcely had the door closed upon the visitors, ere it again opened, and a young girl, apparently about fourteen years of age, entered. She was a pretty little creature, with a blithe and graceful form, and an innocent expression of countenance that gave a beauty to her face; which many a daughter of wealth might have been proud to possess. But alas! what signified that to her. The thick, clumsy shoes—the coarse lincey frock scarcely reaching below her knees—the rough tow apron—the old slouch bonnet she took from her head as she entered—told plainly of her station in life. She was a bound girl!

She stopped short when she had passed the threshold, and, with her eyes cast to the floor, some minutes in silence, save, ever and anon when a sob escaped her bosom—for her eyes were red with weeping—and the tears coursed each other down her dimpled cheeks. A quick shiver ran through her frame, as the warmth from the grate came in contact with her chilled limbs, for her bare arms and neck were bare with cold.

"Well, Miss, what's the matter now?" said Mrs. Marston, sharply, rising from her seat as she spoke, and approaching the girl.

The poor thing opened her lips as if about to speak, but burst into tears.

"What's the matter, I say?" reiterated her mistress. "Where are the books I sent you for, eh?"

"Could not help it—help what? What have you been doing now, miss?"

"I lost the—mon—ey, ma'am. And again she burst into a flood of tears.

"Lost the money!"

"Yes—ma'am!" she answered, brokenly.

"You lost the money, did you? Pray what did you do it for?" Asked Mrs. Marston, white with anger.

"Indeed I could not help it, ma'am!"

"You couldn't eh? Well, take that, Miss, and that,"—and she dealt the child a couple of blows across the face that made her reel again. Now be off, and hunt it, Miss Trollope, and see you don't return without it, d'ye hear?"

"So saying, she thrust her from the room, and shut the door.

Verily, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins!"—This woman had subscribed two hundred dollars to the poor!

CHAPTER III.

The girl returned to the place where she had been so unfortunate as to lose the money and, though almost frozen, diligently commenced searching amid the newly-fallen snow. Every spot and cranny, where it might possibly have rolled to, did she rigidly explore. For fully an hour she continued her endeavors, but all to no purpose. At length, almost dead with cold, she gave up the search as hopeless, and returned to Mrs. Marston. She told her of her vain search, and explained how she came to lose the money that as she was pursuing her way to the book-store, two boys suddenly ran against her, and caused her to drop it from her hand. Whether they had picked it up, or what had become of it, she knew not but they could not find it. She begged her to forgive her—told her she could not help it—it was accidental—but Mrs. Marston bid her begone and find it, or never return.

Again did the poor bound girl return to the place where her misfortune had occurred. Again did she renew her exploration of the unlucky spot—groping with her stiffened fingers amid the snow, and peering with anxious gaze upon the whitened pavement, until her eyes became dim, and she could look no more.

"She seated herself upon a step near by, and gave vent to a flood of bitter tears.

The streets were full of people, hurrying hither and thither, many of whom passed her by unnoticed. Some few inquired the cause of her distress, but passed on without even a word of comfort; others consoled with her in a few common-place words of kindness, but moved on without offering assistance, and left her there still crying and sobbing.

At length a carriage came down the street towards her. It was a plain but substantial equipage, with no footman dangling on behind—no gaudy housings and liveried driver yet the sleek and spirited coal black steeds that pranced before it, bespoke such appendages not without the owner's reach. It had almost passed when a voice within commanded the driver to stop, and, doing so, he jumped from his box, and opening the door, let down the steps. An elderly gentleman, of perhaps fifty years of age, alighted, and, approaching the girl inquired the cause of her grief.

"What is your name, my girl, and why are you sitting here in the cold?"

"My name is Kate Clarendon. I lost some money, and my mistress will not let me return home till I first find it. Oh, I am so cold, sir."

"Tell me all about it, my dear, how did you come to lose it?"

"Kate looked up in his benevolent face, and felt that she had found one friendly heart to sympathize with her, so she told him of the manner of her loss, of her return to Mrs. Marston, of her unfeeling conduct towards her, and her vain search for the money."

"The unfeeling wretch!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "and she struck you too?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed the girl.

"And did you find it, or not come back?"

"Oh! yes, sir. What shall I do? I am so cold."

"And you have no friends, or relations?"

"None, none," and poor Kate's tears burst forth with increased violence.

"Then you shall go with me, my dear, unless you would rather not. 'Tis a good way from the city—my home—but you shall be kindly treated."

"Any where! any where!" exclaimed the weeping girl, and the old man raising her in his arms bore her to the carriage, and putting her therein ascended himself. The driver closed the door, and mounting up on his box drove on.

CHAPTER IV.

Old time drives fast. His swift chariot, with its sightless wheels, and its wiry steeds, has rolled on, and left four years buried with the past. It is a lovely summer morning. A brighter sun never shone on the quiet town of N—, or a bluer sky looked down on the

glassy and romantic stream which flowed before it. A short distance from the town, on an eminence that gradually sloped even to the very side of the river stood a stately mansion. It was of ancient architecture, partaking somewhat of the Gothic order, and apparently had stood there for at least a quarter of a century. Yet there was no vestige of decay or ruin in its appearance; it was like a hale old gentleman of some three score years and ten on whom, the marking hand of time is firmly laid, yet doth he scarcely feel the touch. The grounds surrounding the house were beautifully laid out in gravelled walks—rich beds of rare flowers, and grassy plots, with summer houses and arbors, forming cool retreats from the summer's sun; whilst marble figures and statues, placed at intervals throughout the grounds, gave to the place a most magnificent appearance. Rich fields of fruit and grain, interspersed with rustic cottages, extending as far as the eye could reach on every side, and which appertained to the same estate, told of the good old gentleman of Linden Hall.

Beneath a large arbor of flourishing grape that extended from the immediate front of the mansion for some twenty yards or more, towards the river commanding the cool breeze that arose therefrom, sat an elderly couple, who, like John Anderson my Jo' and his dame, had already begun to descend the hill of life. If the face is an index of the heart, surely their placid and benevolent countenances told of good and upright ones, and indeed it was even so, for none were more universally beloved for their kindness and benevolence than Col. Liston and his estimable lady.

It was a perfect picture of contentment as they sat there, the old gentleman reclining in his large, easy chair, his head bared to the breeze, and his white silvery locks floating down his neck, ever and anon addressing a few words to his companion, as, now and then he raised his eyes from the newspaper which he held in his hand; while she, in her old cushioned rocking-chair, leaned leisurely apart, and alternately plied the knitting apparatus with which she was employed or replied to the words addressed her by the Colonel.

The old gentlemen laid down the paper, and sat for some time in thought. At length he said, suddenly.

"I've been thinking of Doctor M.'s orders this morning. By-odds! I'd rather stay at home than go to Saratoga."

"Yes, but you know it may do you good, my dear, and besides it will give Kate some opportunity of seeing the world. I think you had better try it."

"Well, I suppose if I must I must, and in fact I don't mind it so much now, since you've mentioned Kate, for it is high time she should see some-what of life. She is a dear sweet girl! Ah! here she comes!"

Just then a clear ringing laugh was heard—the light bounding of feet, and the next instant a lovely girl of perhaps eighteen summers rushed into the arbor, and kneeling gracefully at the old man's feet, emptied her apron of a load of wild flowers which it contained.

She was an exquisite creature, with lithe and graceful form, just rounding into womanhood, somewhat, about the middle height, and most symmetrically proportioned. Her head seemed cast in nature's canniest mould, and every feature harmonised into one striking whole. The broad forehead had fallen back from her head, left her shining curls of jet free and unrestrained, and they fell in rich masses down her neck, almost burying her round white shoulders in their vast abundance save one or two which shaded that sweet and open brow, so fair and snowy, it seemed like breathing marble. The prettiest pair of rosy lips that ever tempted one of Adam's sons were Kate Liston's, and her eyes—those deep blue sparkling eyes, so eternally dancing in every gleam—shaded by the longest and silkiest lashes, oh! what a world of language was there in their glance. And then her complexion, always so clear and beautiful but now heightened in its beauty by the recent exercise which had spread so abundantly the rich carnation over her damask cheeks and her smile—ah! after all, it was her bewitching smile, so full of archness, so winning, that made her what she was—a sweet and lovely woman.

"Only see what a load of flowers I have gathered!" she exclaimed.

"Ah you have been taking your usual ramble this morning, you rogue, eh?" and the old man patted her playfully on the cheek.

"O yes, dear papa, I do so long to roam the fields and woods; and I love the flowers and the birds, and the streams, and every thing in nature."

"It is your pure and innocent heart that makes you love them so dear child," said the old lady.—"May you always love them dear."

"Ay, and you too, dear mother, for it was you who taught me first to admire all things that bore the impress of His hand," and rising from her kneeling posture, she threw her arms around Mrs. Liston's neck, and pressed her lips fondly upon the old lady's cheek.

"You are a good girl, Kate," said Mrs. Liston, affectionately, "and a happy one, too I wend."

"And if I am happy. I owe it all to you, and dear papa," replied Kate with a look of gratitude. "Ah! how can I ever repay you both for half the kindness I have received at your hands."

"There, there, we've enough of that, Kate," said the Colonel, who liked to do good actions, but did not care about hearing them praised. But come I have something else to talk about. What say you to leaving your birds and flowers for a month or two, eh?"

"Leave Linden Hall!" said Kate in surprise.

"Yes my dear, leave for Saratoga."

"For Saratoga! I would rather pass the summer here than at any fashionable watering place on earth."

"I faith so would I, Kate, but the doctor says I must go for the benefit of my health—which you know is nothing to brag of—and so I suppose I must. You know I cannot do without you, and so you, will not hesitate; besides you will see something of the world, my dear, and perhaps get a beau there—by-odds that's what I'm afraid of, for if you should fall in love—and, you needn't blush so, my fairy, I only say it—with some fine young fellow, he might want to carry you off, and then what would I do?"

"No fear of that, papa, but if it is for your benefit, I shall be delighted to go to Saratoga, or any where else."

"Spoken like a dutiful child!" exclaimed the

old gentlemen. "But come we must into the house, for I hear the bell for breakfast," and supported by Kate on one side and Mrs. Liston on the other, he entered the mansion.

CHAPTER V.

It was the season at that most aristocratic of all aristocratic watering places—that most select of all fashionable rendezvous—Saratoga. It was the height of the season. The place was full, at least so the visitors said though the proprietor of "Congress Hall" did not. There was an immense assembly of men of wealth, and men said to be wealthy; learned professors and college students; men of pleasure and men of leisure, doctors, lawyers, officers of the army and navy, and so forth: a vast amount of pretty women, and some not so pretty; belles with fortunes, and some sadly in want of fortunes; old maids and young maidens; some leaders of the ton, and some more essentially led by the ton; managing mothers with very marriageable and unmarried daughters—the last mentioned personages, by the way, in no small quantities, being more numerous than any other class of the other visitors—as is always the case at fashionable watering places.

But, as in the heavens, there is always some star more brilliant in its brightness than the surrounding constellations, so in such gatherings of *le beau monde*, there are invariably some *distingues* who are more noted than their contemporaries. At least there were at Saratoga three of this class of individuals—viz: two ladies, and one gentleman. The former, dear reader, were no other than our very estimable acquaintances, of subscription-to-the-poor notoriety. Mrs. Marston and her daughter Amelia; the latter, a Mr. William Hartley, the orphan son of a distinguished southern gentleman, an heir to an almost princely fortune; in fact, by far the most eligible candidate for matrimony that had appeared in the great mart for wedlock in many years. He was a fine looking young man, of about three and twenty, neither too slight nor yet too stoutly built, with an open intelligent countenance; large, speaking black eyes, with a modest yet brilliant expression; features not so pleasingly moulded; with a forehead, from which were brushed back rich locks as black as jet, and as soft and silky as many a fair lady's ringlets are.

Many were the manoeuvres of anxious mothers, and their no less anxious daughters, to catch this "gold fish" which was swimming so near them in the waters of Saratoga. And indeed, he was worthy the patient angling which they so devoutly exercised; he was, indeed, worth catching, not so much for the wealth he was master of, or the goodly looks he exhibited, as the gentle heart and manly soul which he possessed. There were in that assemblage none more affable and condescending, none less proud than he was, and scarce a heart was there that harboured envious or malicious feelings against one who by his popularity and wealth, was so likely to raise them in the breasts of his fellow men.

The accomplished general is not always successful; there are times when his most skillful efforts fail to gain him victory. So it was with the respective mammas. The fortresses besieged had held out for two whole weeks—(i.e. Mr. Hartley had been there that length of time)—and as yet showed no signs of capitulation. What could be the reason?

There had been no lack of generalship; it had been attacked openly and covertly; all the manoeuvres known in the code of onset had been resorted to, yet still with no signal of success. To be sure, he had been polite and affable to all, every thing that could be expected from a gentleman—yet there was a kind of non-committal manner about him, that defied and defeated all the intentions of designing mammas, and besieging demoiselles.

There was, however, one mother who was rather more skillful than the rest—or at least appeared to have been so. This was no other than Mrs. James Marston. For some days past, Mr. Hartley had appeared to pay more attention to Miss Amelia than to others; whether it was owing to the management of the young lady's mother, in throwing her more directly in his way, or whether to a preference for the lady herself, was yet to be determined. Be that as it may, there were already some whispers afloat as to his being regularly caught, and Mrs. M. was in great glee at the very idea, and was already inwardly congratulating herself upon her most superior generalship.

There had been but few arrivals of note within the last day or two, and this, perhaps, may have given additional interest to the skirmishing operations we have spoken of. At length, however, there came a party, destined to become of consequence, late at night, and in a very plain equipage, perhaps the most unpretending of the season.

Next day, an elderly lady and gentleman, accompanied by one of the most bewitching creatures eyes ever beheld—at all events, so said the gentlemen; but we cannot say the ladies were half so liberal in their opinions. There was no ostentation in their manners or apparel, and yet there was that quiet, unassuming air of gentility in their looks and deportment, which bespoke the gentleman and lady at once to all. The eyes of all were upon them when they entered, and in a short time inquiries were flying from mouth to mouth as to who and what they were. For a long time curiosity was held completely in suspense. There were not many gentlemen in the room, it being about the time they generally strolled out, or rode, or took their afternoon siesta. At length, however, they began to drop in pretty fast, and the spacious room soon began to fill, and the most distinguished of the visitors immediately advanced towards the old gentleman and paid him their most cordial salutations. It was now soon known who the new comers were. The reader need scarcely be told that they were our old friends of Linden Hall. Every one was eager to get an introduction to such a wealthy family as they were now known to be, and amongst the most anxious were Mrs. Marston and her daughter, notwithstanding she seemed to derelict the beauty of the young lady, fearing, perhaps, she might spoil her plans in regard to Mr. Hartley.

It was observed that Miss Liston started and seemed somewhat agitated when Mrs. Marston was presented, but whether it was the easy, nonchalant manner of that lady, or the announcement of a name so distinguished in the fashionable world, was not known.

Several days passed away, during which the Colonel applied himself to such means

as his physician had instructed him to pursue. Mrs. Liston and Kate were the daily companions of his rides and rambles, and when the old lady could not accompany him, Kate alone was his devoted companion. He was an early riser, as were the rest of his family, and they had often taken a long walk before the inmates of the hotel thought of getting out of bed. Kate was fond of these early strolls, because she loved to listen to the morning song of the birds, or watch the sun come up from his rosy bed, and because, perhaps, (I say perhaps, gentle reader,) they were sure to meet a certain young and handsome gentleman, who looked admiringly at her, and at whom she blushed so bewitchingly that the young man invariably looked again. Still it was not with the impudent gaze of the conceited coxcomb, who bethinks himself privileged to stare out of countenance every woman he meets. There was always a modest drooping of the eyelids, a respectful expression in the clear speaking eye, that bespoke feelings sensitive and refined. An emotion of pleasure—though why she knew not—seemed to pervade her bosom, as morning after morning they met in their early walks, although no words of salutation ever passed their lips, for by an inexplicable fatality an introduction had never taken place, notwithstanding they had met so often in the fashionable circle of the place. And with no one she would have more readily or willingly become acquainted. Thus said her heart, though she would have blushed to confess it with her lips: Alas, poor Kate!

At length the old gentleman passed him not by as usual, but as they met, cordially extended his hand, and warmly greeting him, presented Mr. Hartley to his "dear Kate," as he always called her. The young man politely saluted her, and Kate, with a maiden blush mantling on her cheeks, returned it with a graceful inclination. The Colonel had become acquainted with him the preceding day, and discovered in him the son of a valued friend. They proceeded on their walks, and soon fell into conversation. Need it be said to whom the walk that morning was a pleasant one, and to whom it seemed shorter than usual?

CHAPTER VI.

It was the last ball of the season at Saratoga, and the brilliantly lighted Saloon of Congress Hall was crowded to excess.—What words can paint how light the hearts, or how bright the eyes of those assembled?—tell of the fair and lovely forms, or number half the witticisms that bound the heart unto that scene. Our sweet, enchanting country women! they shine wherever they move; at home or abroad—in cottage or in hall—within the ball room's exciting precincts, or the quiet peacefulness of the domestic circle. There are perhaps some exceptions—some Mrs. Marstons among them; but glad are we to say their number is not legion. Right charmingly they looked on the present occasion: whether moving in the giddy mazes of the dance, promenade the Saloon, or joining in the gay and witty conversation of the little knots gathered about, awaiting the next cotillon. But there was one in that assemblage that outvalued all others: it was Kate Liston. She was now moving in the dance with Mr. Hartley, and through its intricate movements she seemed to glide like some lovely vision. How beautiful she appeared, and yet how simply dressed: a plain white muslin, the bodice of which fitted with exquisite neatness to her unrivalled bust; slippers of white satin, which were rather adorned by her pretty feet than adorning them; a simple ribbon of a slight rose tint, encircled her waist; (and she had a waist, had Kate Liston, not after the modern model, to be sure, of a few inches in circumference, but one such as we see in the statue of the Medicen Venus; a waist one could clasp with out fear of breaking—an inviting waist—a love of a waist.) and one single diamond, large and brilliant, that sparkled on her snowy forehead, were all the adornments of her person. And yet how bewitching she looked, and Mr. Hartley knew and felt it, as he beheld her, like some airy sprite, bounding to the music of the dance.

Alas! poor Mr. Hartley was in a strange way, so said the discerning mammas who had watched his evolutions since the moment he had made his appearance in the room—aye, watched very closely—for they were so anxious on his account, they had observed him waiting on Miss Liston all the evening—athing he had never been known to do to any young lady before; they were sure she was an artful, sly thing—that she contrived to tie him to her, that she ought to be ashamed of herself to make the gentleman her attendant, when it was evident he would willingly have been released.

"Mr. Hartley seems quite smitten," remarked one mamma to another. "He has been paying very marked attention to Miss Liston, this evening."

"Humph!" was the reply, "rather say she has been paying it to him."

"Do you think so?" asked the other, with a meaning glance, which said plainly enough, "I think so too."

"Do I think so?" was the repetition—"yes, and more than that, I say she's a vulgar, forward girl—ain't she?"

This latter question was addressed to Mrs. Marston, who had just then joined them.

"Forward!" exclaimed Mrs. Marston; "I guess she is. See how she laughs and talks with him, as if she had known him for years. I've been watching her all the evening. I suppose she thinks she's caught him. Only look! as I'm alive, she's inveigling him out of the room; the piazza's a beautiful place for a tete-a-tete. She'll find it interrupted. This sentence was spoken rather to herself, as she moved away. However, although it was spoken in a low voice, it reached the ears of a gentleman, an intimate friend of Hartley's, who had been standing near by, and overheard the foregoing conversation. He immediately took a pencil and card from his pocket, and inditing a few lines, gave it to a servant who was passing to hand to Mr. Hartley, in the piazza. He delivered it immediately, and Mr. Hartley read the following lines:

DEAR WILL—From a conversation I just overheard, I apprehend that you and Miss Liston will be interrupted in your promenade—Mrs. Marston and her daughter, will be the cause—they have designs upon you, and are jealous of Miss L. Disappoint them if you can, for they are contemptible.

Yours, &c. J.

He slipped the card into his pocket, whilst

a scornful smile played upon his countenance, and turned to resume the conversation which had thus been broken.

They were standing at the north end of the piazza, her arm locked in his, looking out upon the bewitching scene before them. It was a lovely night; the moon shining brightly, and with its silver rays softening and mellowing every feature of the lovely landscape before them: the air was fragrant and soft, and touched the brow with a gentleness like the kiss of early love, whilst music strains that floated from the Saloon stole o'er the senses with a lulling effect.

"Yes, it is a beautiful night," said Kate, as if continuing the conversation, "and the last I shall spend at Saratoga for the present."

"Do you leave to-morrow, then?"

"Yes, to-morrow we bid farewell, and away to our own dear quiet Linden Hall—our own happy home."

"And do you leave Saratoga without regret? Is there none here who have made your acquaintance, and whom you care about leaving?" said Mr. Hartley.

"Oh! yes, there are some—a few—whom I am loth to part with," she answered, whilst a slight tell-tale blush overspread her face, "but there are so many cold worldly people in the mass, and I see so much vanity and selfishness that I am sick of it: I shall be delighted to get home. But when do you quit the Springs?"

"To-morrow also, and as we both journey southward, I hope to enjoy the pleasure of your company some distance on the road, if agreeable."

"Most certainly. Papa will be delighted that you journey with us, and—"

But the sentence remained unfinished, for just then the cry of "help! help!" near by, uttered in a woman's voice, startled them, and on looking round, they beheld Mrs. Marston, with apparent terror depicted in her face, supporting Amelia, who was just in the act of fainting. Mr. Hartley turned away his face as if nothing was the matter, and commenced remarking upon the beauty of the landscape, whilst those from in doors rushed out to lend their aid. Kate looked at him, enquiringly. He understood it, and answered—

"Do not think me devoid of feeling, or ungallant, Miss Liston: the young lady's swoon is not dangerous. I had notice that it would happen before it occurred: it shall be explained more fully at some future time."

She smiled, and after standing a few moments in silence, until the fainting had been removed to the parlor, they passed into the Saloon.

Next day our friends quitted Saratoga.

In the course of the ensuing spring, Mrs. Marston received the following note in an envelope, tied with white favors: enclosed was a five dollar note:

LINDEN HALL, May—18—

MR. and Mrs. Hartley's compliments to Mrs. Marston, and also to Miss Amelia, and hopes that the former has brought the art of manoeuvring to the highest state of perfection, and the latter that of swooning to the most desirable ultimatum. Mrs. H. also hopes that the enclosed note will, in